

# The Sketch

No. 1245 —Vol. XCVI.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1916.

SIXPENCE.



MARRIED ON SATURDAY: MRS. JEREMY PEYTON-JONES (MISS MARGARET GROSVENOR).

Miss Margaret Grosvenor, whose marriage to Mr. Jeremy Peyton-Jones took place, very quietly, on Saturday last, is the daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Norman Grosvenor, of Upper Grosvenor Street, and has been in Paris studying singing, and, for some time past, nursing

the wounded in a hospital. It was in Paris that Miss Grosvenor met Mr. Peyton-Jones, who is a native of Melbourne, and a member of the Anglo-French Red Cross Service. Mrs. Peyton-Jones' mother is president of the Women's Farm Garden Union.

*Photograph by Vandyk, Ltd.*



# LONDON'S LATEST: BEAUTIFUL FROCKS AND BEAUTIFUL



1. MISS PEPITA BOBADILLA.

5. MISS VIOLET LEICESTER.

2. MISS MOLLY RAMSDEN.

6. MISS VIOLET LEICESTER.

The dominant note of "Houp-La!" the "comedy with music" at St. Martin's Theatre, is beauty, animate and inanimate, beauty in the dresses and in the wearers, all of which heightens the effect of the humour, clever acting, tuneful music, and graceful dancing which are features of the latest light production in London.



# WEARERS, IN "HOUP-LA!" AT THE ST. MARTIN'S.



3. MISS KATHLEEN GOWER.

7. MISS LOUIE OWEN.

4. MISS ELIZABETH BEERBOHM.

8. MISS BINNIE HALE.

"A galaxy of beauty" is an obvious but accurate definition of the effect produced by the ladies of the St. Martin's stage, and it may be added that the frocks are the most up to date, and will remain up to date—thanks to changes whenever necessary—however long "Houp-La!" may last.—[Camera Studies by Bertram Park.]





## RENTED ESCORTS FOR LONELY LADIES.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

(Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")

I WOULDN'T be surprised if the American system of the "rented escort" were to be introduced in London. You know what a rented escort is, don't you? A man of prepossessing physique, pleasant manners, good clothes, and tact, who, for a consideration, lends his decorative and protective presence to lonely ladies. I am told it is done quite on a large scale in New York. Of course, the people who told me may very well have been—how say you in English, "twisting my ankle"?

Anyway, true or not, it's a good idea, which, I think, might commend itself to man-less women (and so many of us are, nowadays), who dislike going about alone in the dark and the fog, and who dislike still more moping at home between the coals and the cat. Keeping the home fire burning is a delightful occupation—when you poke it *à deux*!

A woman I know who works at a canteen in the evening, cheerfully dipping her pretty hands in strong soda-water, tells me that it is quite an ordeal getting home by herself when her voluntary work is done. Some canteen-workers, of course, have their luxurious limousine waiting for them in the cold and dreary streets; but for those who have to hunt for one of those elusive taxis, or seek the nearest Tube, or wait for the wrong "bus," I think it must require some heroism!

Then, again, one is sometimes rather fed up to feed with one's relatives, or in the dull dining-room of Mrs. Somebody, or in the badly heated house of Miss Thisandthat. How pleasant it would be to sup after the show, at a warm and well-lit and welcoming restaurant! Only one can't go there alone, and one's hubby, and brother, and fiancé are at the far-away front! There are one's women friends, of course; but one has spent the whole day with women! Now, if one could 'phone for the paid and polite person to come and take one to the theatre, then to supper, and back to one's very doorstep, it would make evening life less depressing for the London Penelope. To sit,

solitary in one's stall, at a good show is only half the fun! To have no one to help you with your cloak must be tragic; as for supper, well, what is menu minus man?



"What is menu minus man?"

wife should vacate their rooms, "for," said he shruggingly, "it is easier to replace visitors than to replace the staff!"

Don't you think it is rather a shuddery sort of story? We'll have to turn our tongue seven times in our mouth before daring order anything next. Of course, the Colonel was tactless, but he was probably truthful.

Saw such a thrilling spiral descent the other afternoon, not at Hendon, but at a private view of the London Group at the Goupil Galleries. A black dragon-fly, frail in the blue sky—an aeroplane seeking the earth again; it is one of the four pic-

tures exhibited by Mr. Nevinson at that show. You'll love it. What else? Well, I am not an art-critic, you know, and I don't dare let myself go as a—judge—but I did notice a canvas called "The Jew," by Jacob Kramer, representing a sitting man



"A rented escort is a man who, for a consideration, lends his protective presence to lonely ladies."



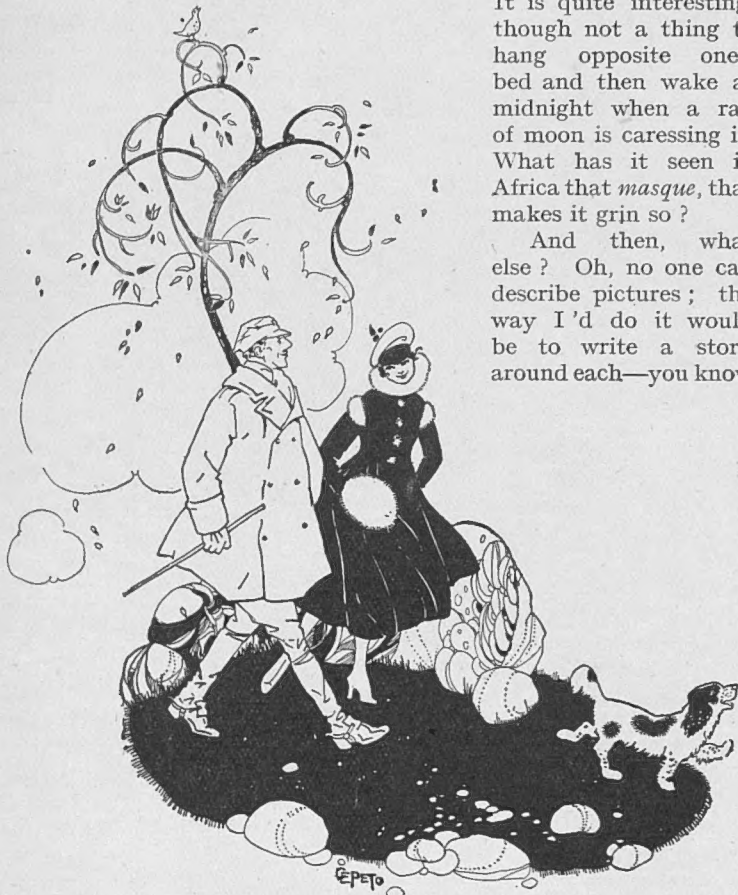
seen in profile, feet on the ground and hands on the knees, patient, silent, with a resigned back and an obstinate forehead. It seemed as if he had been sitting for centuries, with docile determination, and faith in himself and the future. It is not a pretty picture for Phyllis's boudoir, but as a symbol I thought it was great.

What else? A woman's portrait, and a drawing of a nude woman by that clever girl-artist whose work is being more and more appreciated in artistic circles—Nina Hamnet.

If one were selfish enough to buy oneself Christmas presents, I would have "offered me" a "Masque Africain," by Benjamin Coria.

It is quite interesting, though not a thing to hang opposite one's bed and then wake at midnight when a ray of moon is caressing it. What has it seen in Africa that *masque*, that makes it grin so?

And then, what else? Oh, no one can describe pictures; the way I'd do it would be to write a story around each—you know



"I spent last Sunday at Richmond, . . . round and round the Park."

how talkative I am when started; and as there are three rooms full of pictures! . . . But I suggest we go there together again.

When you come back on leave, you'll have a little thrill at seeing, in the mysterious and becoming obscurity of your dear Town, flocks of white birds fluttering in the West End (or elsewhere), like doves in a tunnel. I was going to say, like swans in the Black Sea, but I am not sure the Black Sea *is* black, nor that there are swans on it! You can't trust those travelling chaps who write geography! Who, will you wonder, are those doves? It is us, *Messieurs*; we are being advised to wear white a lot at night (for street wear, I mean, of course!) (The dry-cleaners are grinning!) Hat, fur, gloves, spats, etc.—so as to prevent motor-buses from treading on our heels, or short-sighted pedestrians taking us for lamp-posts, and leaning against us, or letter-boxes, and confiding in us! White would thus become a danger-signal; but the cost of cleaning and—buying! We'll all claim a dazzling ermine cloak for Christmas—merely to obey legal advice!

Trying to do one's bit has sometimes bitter results. I was told the other evening the disappointing outcome of a generous impulse. There was once a man with a large heart and estate. It was in the apple season. One day that the man was passing through his orchards he thought, looking at the branches of the apple-trees weighed with red and green, that it would not be a bad idea to send apples to the soldiers who were encamped not far from his grounds. So the next time he saw the sergeant, he told him of his intention. The sergeant thanked him, and said yes, the men would like them. However, before giving the orders to his gardeners to pick and send the fruits, the philanthrope considered that it would be better to know the approximate quantity to be sent. So, meeting the sergeant again: "Tell me," said he, "about those apples I want to give your men. How many men have you got in that camp?" "Oh, quite a goodish number." "Yes; but how many exactly?"

The sergeant stared suspiciously. "Look 'ere, Mister," said he; "this apple story may have gone down all right with Adam; but I ain't so green, see? Apples indeed, and 'how many men exactly,' eh? You are a blooming German spy, that's what you are!"

Went on the 24th to a concert in aid of the Russian Red Cross, at 50, Leinster Gardens—*chez* Mme. Maria Levinskaja. The programme was excellent. The hostess played some Chopin beautifully, and Mlle. Kinrey Guillain, M. Constantin Stroesco, M. Maurice Dambois, Signor Di Veroli, all delighted us.

Mr. Carlo Liten recited some poems of Verlaine—one called "Absence" tightened our throats a bit—we all know so well the meaning of the word, now. He also told us "Les Glas," and other Flanders Poems by Mr. Marcel Wyseur, who was present from the Front, and was clapped tremendously. I forget whether I told you before of those fine tragic lines of Mr. Marcel Wyseur on the glorious ruins of Flanders. I heard him first at the Poets' Club, at the Monico, where every month there is a literary feast.



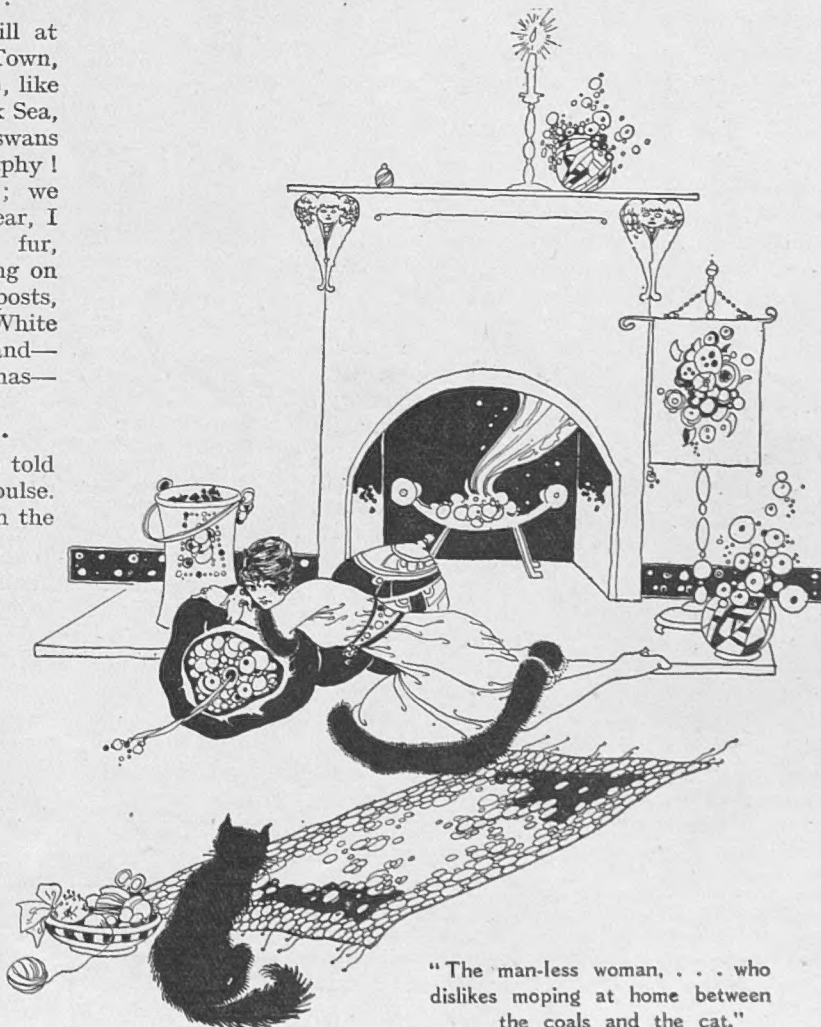
"To hunt for an elusive taxi, or seek the nearest Tube, requires heroism."

I can't keep up with you, dear young men, so will you receive my thanks *en bloc*. Next week I'll squeeze some messages in my copy.

I have had a most touching letter from one of you who spent his leave in London some time ago, and says he was bored to extinction.


Since he says so, I believe him, but without being able to understand him! I never feel bored, I always find things or people to play with when work is done. Why, life is like a rushing waterfall. Evidently, you don't like London; but there are other places—or have you been born bored? I believe that's incurable!

Do you know how I spent last Sunday, for instance? At Richmond! I can imagine you shivering, "Oh, the river in winter!" Yes, the river, but not on it; just a look, *en passant*, at its pewter and steel and tarnished silver, and then up, round and round the Park. The sunset from the hills, and then to get warm again—a fox-trot at the Assembly Rooms at the Castle Hotel, and steaming tea, before the next One Step or Hesitation; and the return can be made very diverting, too, I assure you—but that's beside the point!



"The man-less woman, . . . who dislikes moping at home between the coals and the cat."





# SMALL TALK

**A**MONG the strangers in the crowd, otherwise mostly Catholic, that attended the Requiem Mass for fallen men of the Irish Guards were the Duke of Connaught, Lord French, Sir Francis Lloyd, and Lady Northcliffe, and Mr. and Mrs. Rudyard Kipling. It was a great gathering, and a most impressive ceremony, even though the touch of Cardinal's red was absent—for the Cardinal had been obliged to leave for Rome the day before. The interior of the Cathedral is still gloriously unfinished, with vast spaces of rough brick wall rising into dim, bare brick domes in a way that is far more satisfying than the finished precision of cold-coloured marble. Kipling, when he is finished with the Fleet, might well give us his impressions of a Cathedral in the making.



ENGAGED TO LIEUTENANT F. R. HAGGIE: MISS V. MORRISON.

Miss Morrison is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Morrison, of North Gate, Regent's Park. Lieutenant F. R. Haggie, Life Guards, is the only son of the late Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Haggie, of Shillingford Court, Oxfordshire.

Photograph by Langflier.

there, and, after a Continental custom, standing when other people kneel. A verger, seeing him right in the midst of the devout, but apparently indifferent to the service, suggested he should kneel or sit like the rest. "Go to h——!" answered the war-expert. "Oh!" said the other apologetically, "I didn't know you were a Catholic."

**The Toy Problem.** Lady Frances Balfour is acting as a sort of Smith-Dorrien of the toy-shops. She protests against the fashion for grotesque, inhuman playthings, and calls for a return to the toys that are "things of innocence, beauty, and joy." But were toys ever quite things of beauty, innocence, and joy? The rag-doll of our childhood was innocent, of course, but do the other adjectives apply? And it is inevitable, when amateurs like Lady Margaret Sackville and the wounded Tommies take up the craft of toy-making, that they should produce objects not quite classically correct. It is much easier to manufacture a golliwog than a Winged Victory; and, if Lady Margaret's talent runs to gnomes and mannikins, we must not take it as a sign of depravity.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN F. W. GUY HAMILTON: MISS WINIFRED GRACE FREMANTLE.

Miss Fremantle is the youngest daughter of the late Rev. W. Culling Fremantle, M.A., and niece of Admiral Fremantle. Captain Guy Hamilton is in the King's Own (Royal Lancaster Regiment).

Photograph by C. Vandyk.

*The Liberty of the Subject.* I have just heard, by the way, a story of another author who lately

paid a visit to Westminster Cathedral. Mr. Belloc was attending Mass



TO BE MARRIED SHORTLY: VISCOUNT EBRINGTON.

Viscount Ebrington, who is the eldest son of Earl and Countess Fortescue, is a Captain in the Royal Scots Greys, and is shortly to marry the eldest daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Allendale, the Hon. Margaret Beaumont, whose portrait is given on another page.

Photograph by Lafayette.

**The Silver Sale.** With time, however, the wounded soldier can learn to produce the things of beauty required of him by Lady Frances Balfour. It is a question of time and material. Give him lumps of wood, crude paints, and boot-buttons, and he can hardly produce a doll whose form is a pattern of the graces, and whose eyes carry a message of beauty to the young generation. But give him skill and silver, and he will do better. Witness the work of the Cripples' Guild! Another Christmas brings another sale of their wares in Bond Street,

with two Duchesses for presiding genii. It is still Milly's shop, but the younger Duchess, her daughter-in-law, is a splendidly energetic lieutenant, and between them they turn their sale into a charming little reunion of friends who are also customers, and of customers who are friends from the very fact of being kindly disposed towards the Guild.

*That Persistent Partnership.*

The Watts-Dunton Life and Letters

is adorned by a very charming portrait of the author's pretty young wife, and there are other ingratiating points that make critics and public think kindly of the two handsome volumes. Perhaps, in the midst of much compensating praise, Mrs. Watts-Dunton will forgive us one naughty story. In the days when dinner-parties amused themselves by composing imaginary Academies of Literature, a certain distinguished company passed

Swinburne's name for a place among the Forty with

acclamation, save for Whistler, who looked dubious. "Not Swinburne?" somebody asked him. "Yes, Swinburne," he answered. "Admit Swinburne, of course; but shut the door quickly, or Watts-Dunton will get in, too."

*Honesty or Brilliance?*

"To Countess Grosvenor, who has attained" was, I remember, the dedication

of one of Katharine Tynan Hinkson's books. A very incomplete sentence, perhaps, but very characteristic of a lady who has always made a law unto herself of friendship, appreciation, and kindness. Her book of reminiscences, just published, is conceived in the same spirit, and though her zeal for her friends may sometimes lead her to record details that hardly matter, and to print letters that count for very little, nobody will complain. But it is a book which raises a nice point: should the author of reminiscences edit her friends' conversation? To set down casual sayings with bald accuracy is the honest plan, no doubt; but a little editing, a little brightening up, might, on the whole, be more charitable. Lord, how we shall bore the future generations if our talk is sent down to them exactly as we talked it! At any rate, one shows a commendable honesty and modesty in only calling it talk.

**Burdon House.**

Burdon House, the envy and despair of house-hunters who do not care for the ordinary palaces of commerce (the larger dwellings that are put up round the four sides of an expensive square), is to be inhabited once more by the Duke of Westminster. Grosvenor House, owing principally to the war, is too much of a good thing for the Duke just now; and, Burdon House being handy and his own, he is making it his headquarters instead.



OWNER OF A HISTORIC LONDON HOUSE: THE DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUCH.

The London home of her Grace the Duchess of Buccleuch, Montagu House, Whitehall, has been commandeered by the Government for an extension of the Ministry of Munitions.

Photograph by Russell and Sons.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN CECIL TAYLOR: MISS PHYLLIS DUNCOMBE.

Miss Duncombe is the daughter of Mr. Basil Duncombe, of Kilnwick Percy, Yorkshire, and niece of the Earl of Gosford. Captain Taylor is in the York and Lancaster Regiment.

Photograph by Bassano.



## WIFE OF THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE GRAND FLEET.



A CHARMING AMERICAN: LADY BEATTY, WIFE OF SIR DAVID BEATTY, WHO HAS SUCCEEDED ADMIRAL JELlicOE AT SEA.

Lady Beatty, of whom we give a recent and very charming portrait, is the wife of Sir David Beatty, K.C.B., M.V.O., D.S.O., of whom Mr. Balfour announced in the House of Commons, on Nov. 29, "Vice-Admiral Sir David Beatty has assumed command of the Grand Fleet, in succession to Sir John Jellicoe," and a contemporary remarks that "In the present war Sir David has had more experience in command of

modern ships in action than any other flag-officer." Lady Beatty, to whom Sir David was married in 1901, was Miss Ethel Field, daughter of Mr. Marshall Field, Senior, one of the most famous of Chicago's many famous citizens. Sir David and Lady Beatty have two young sons, the elder named David Field, and the younger, Peter. Lady Beatty's London home is Hanover Lodge, Regent's Park.

*Photograph by Sarony.*





# MOTLEY NOTES



BY KEBLE HOWARD  
("Chicot.")

## What the Public Thinks.

When you are not at your fighting, or your training, or your war-work, friend the reader, you might amuse yourself, not unprofitably, by trying to discover what the great public is really thinking about. I must warn you, however, that you cannot make this discovery, or prosecute this inquiry, from your home or your club, any more than it can be done with hope of success from Fleet Street or the Houses of Parliament. Your own family are not the great public; your friends are not the great public; people who write to newspapers or to Members of Parliament are not the great public.

The great public is that huge, unwieldy, sluggishly active mass of people that you have never seen before, and will never see again. Where they come from, who they are, what they do for a living—all these things are a sealed book to you. But they do actually constitute the great public, and it is only by mixing with the great public, and listening to the public conversation of the great public, that you can learn what the public is thinking about.

And you must listen in a certain way. You must listen with an open mind as well as open ears. You must not go out to hear what you want to hear. You must be utterly impartial, a member of no clique, a person without an axe to grind. Anybody can hear, if he listens long enough, what he wants to hear. But that is not the way to get at the heart and mind of the great, restless public.

## The Big Pill.

What is the public thinking about, for example, at the moment of writing? I can tell you what it is supposed to be thinking about. It is supposed to be immensely concerned over the price of food and the abortive Channel raids. It is supposed to have lost faith in all the official leaders on the civil side, and to be panting for the immediate instalment in office of unofficial and self-constituted leaders.

Actually, the public is not thinking about either of these things. I can swear that it is not bothering its head about the Channel raids. I happen to be writing from a town on the Channel, not so desperately far from Ramsgate. I have been in the theatre, and the music-hall, and on the promenade, and on the pier, and in the leading hotels, and in the 'buses, and in the shops. Not once have I heard the Channel raids mentioned. Not once during a whole week.

As for the food problem, the public is not worrying about that at present. When a man is trying to swallow a very big pill, you cannot interest him in chops and tomatoes. A big pill in your throat has a wonderful way of absorbing your attention for the time being. And the public has a very big pill in its throat. It is swallowing the pill all right, and not making very ugly faces in the process, but it will not think of smaller matters until that pill has gone down. And the pill is this—

"What about the War being over next year?"

## The Economical Christmas.

I have been at considerable pains to collect from readers of *The Sketch*—not all of them, let me add, typical readers—their opinions on the Christmas of Self-Denial which is to be the fashion this year. (Perhaps.) Appended are a few of the more interesting replies—

### AN EMPLOYER.

I am entirely in sympathy with the movement for a Christmas of self-denial. Hitherto, it has been one of my greatest pleasures to double the salaries of my staff at Yuletide. This year I shall steel my heart against any such self-indulgence.

### A SCHOOLBOY.

Orl a lot of rot. Think a chap can't see through such swank as that.

### A PIG.

I cannot express in sufficiently glowing words my appreciation of this very beautiful idea. The public should, especially, be urged to abstain from the eating of meat. When I think of the old-fashioned Christmas, I tremble for the race of mankind. There was a certain sort of *pie*, for example! Ugh! And then the English breakfast! Let us aspire to loftier and purer heights. (N.B.—I hear that turkeys will be cheap.)

### A POOR RELATION.

I am rather surprised at your question. Is there room for economy in the keeping of Christmas in this country? I thought the limit had been reached many years ago. I am sure my uncle, for instance, could not very well cut things finer without cutting them altogether. For myself, I generally stay in bed on that day, to save a fire, and eat a small dish of lentils. I might, perhaps, swallow a sleeping-draught and save the lentils.

### A HORSE.

Since when were nose-bags enlarged on Christmas Day?

### A RESTAURANT-KEEPER.

I am all for the economical Christmas. I am offering the public a special five-shilling dinner which is guaranteed not to encroach unduly upon the national food-store. The menu is as follows—

Hors d'Oeuvres	-	-	½ hour with cab-whistle.
Soup	-	-	Atmosphere (thick).
Fish	-	-	Codd.
Joint	-	-	<i>Serviette au garçon.</i>
Bird	-	-	Band ("The Turkey Trot").
Sweet	-	-	<i>Neige frappée.</i>
Savoury	-	-	<i>L'addition.</i>
Drink	-	-	Assortment of choice draughts.

Every lady present will receive a gift (from her male escort). Ladies unaccompanied by gentlemen not admitted.

### FROM A TAX-PAYER.

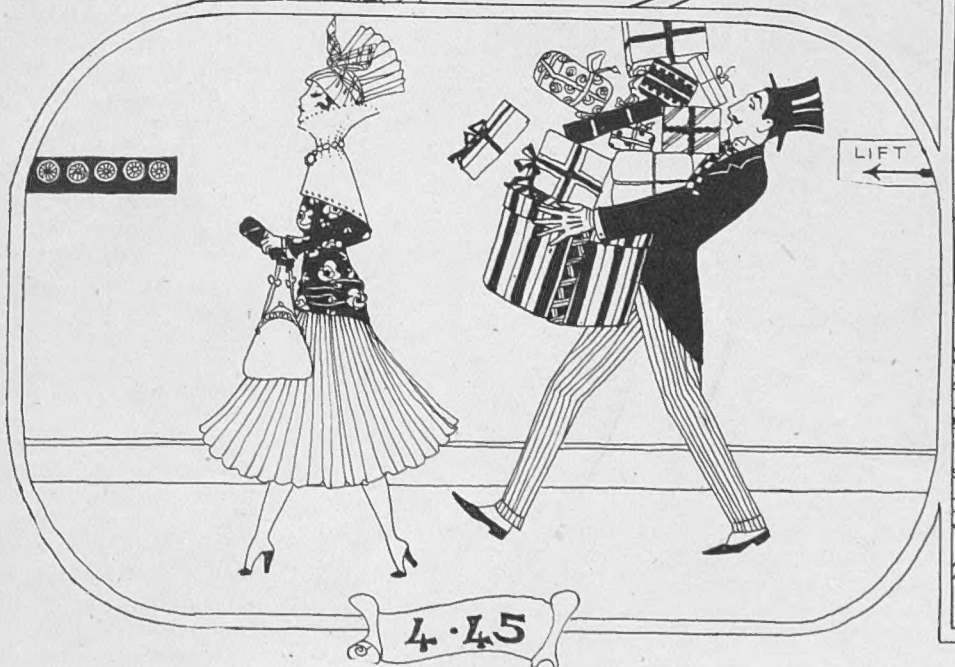
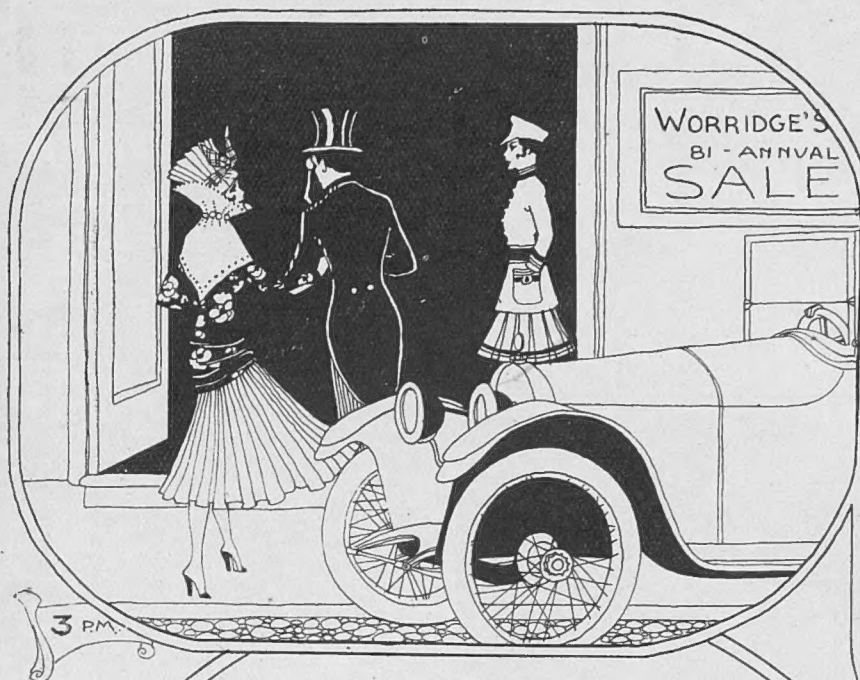
'Good McKenna he sent out, from Bureau St. Stephen;  
And the notes came rolling in, white, and crisp, and even.'



A "MOTLEY" PYJAMA DRESS FOR INDOORS: Mlle. SPINELLY, THE WELL-KNOWN FRENCH ACTRESS, IN AN ORIGINAL COSTUME. Mlle. Spinelly, of the Théâtre Michel, in Paris, is as famed for originality of costume as for the artistic design and decorations of her Paris home. She is here seen in an indoor pyjama dress in green silk with big red spots, and a very large bow at the back.—[Photograph by Record Press.]



MORALS OF MACKENZIE: THE ORDEAL OF THE UNFIT.







# THE CLUBMAN

AN IDEAL AMBASSADOR: AN OLD GAME RE-CHRISTENED: THE VOLUNTEERS OF TO-DAY.

**Sir George Buchanan.**

Moscow seems to have taken Sir George Buchanan, our Ambassador in Russia, to its heart. Not only has he done very much to cement the Entente between Russia and Great Britain, but, in appearance, he is the beau-ideal of what a British Ambassador should be. He has well-chiselled features and a white moustache, and the broad, black ribbon of his eye-glass gives him a touch of dandyism. The town council has conferred the freedom of the city upon him—a very unusual honour—and the university has also paid its homage to him. Sir George's portrait, painted by one of the great Russian artists, is to hang on one of the walls of the town hall.

**A G.C.M.G.**

Sir George has not only been receiving honours, but he has, on behalf of Great Britain, been conferring honours, for he has decorated Monsieur Trepoff, the new Premier of Russia, with the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, in recognition of the completion of the railway to the ice-free port of Kola. It is interesting to know that this, the Murman Railway, is completed, for it gives Russia a new ice-free port that she can use when Archangel is closed by the ice. It is, I believe, a branch of the Gulf Stream that annually works this miracle of an open way in an Arctic Sea. From Kola all through the winter the munition trains will run steadily to Russia's long battle-front, piling up reserves for next spring's new offensive.

**The Soldier's Wife at Christmas.**

We are all so busy now planning reductions in dinner and lunch, and even the elimination of afternoon tea, that we are apt to forget that there are some people who should certainly have a good Christmas dinner. Among these are the wives of soldiers whose husbands are abroad. A glance at the *Daily Telegraph's* list of subscriptions to send plum-puddings out to our soldiers serving abroad shows that Tommy Atkins at home has been paying up his pennies very liberally that his comrades in the trenches and the rest-camps may have enough and to spare of pudding on the great holiday. I saw at a recent pay day of a company of the Royal Defence Corps that every man, married or single, put a penny in a collecting-box for this fund. I have little doubt that one society or another is interesting itself in the well-being of soldiers' wives whose husbands will be unable to spend Christmas with them; but I have not heard of any special effort being made—an effort which, I am sure, would commend itself to the old soldiers amongst clubmen.

**House.**

I read an inquiry as to what is the origin of the soldiers' game of House. I met it in my nursery days as Lotto, and I believe that it is a favourite game in America, where it is known as Keno, and where a good deal of money can be lost over it. In Lotto and in House somebody draws the

discs with numbers on them out of a bag; but in America the numbers are placed in a special urn which allows the numbers, one at a time, to drop out through its spout after the urn has been thoroughly well shaken. On every card bought by the players there is a different selection of numbers, and the player whose card is first covered up as the numbers are called is the winner. Tommy Atkins usually uses small stones to obliterate the numbers on his card, but, in aristocratic nurseries, ivory discs were employed for this. The game is recognised by the military authorities, but very strict regulations are made to prevent any considerable sum of money being lost by the players. I believe that a payment of a half-penny in the soldiers' game procures him a card and the chance of winning the prize. I imagine that Lotto originated in Italy, and it was imported from there to England, went from England to America, became Keno there, and returned to England again as House.



STALL-HOLDERS AT THE ALBERT HALL CHRISTMAS FAIR: (LEFT TO RIGHT) THE DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE AND LADY SMITH-DORRIEN WITH MASTER DAVID SMITH-DORRIEN.

*Photograph by Sport and General.*

**For the Period of the War.**

Field-Marshal Sir John French, whenever he addresses a body of Volunteers, emphasises the fact that they will be asked to enter into an agreement with the Government to serve until the close of the war. At the present time any Volunteer can resign by giving fourteen days' notice. There must be, of course, two sides to such an undertaking as the Volunteers are to be asked to give, and I believe that when the Bill dealing with Volunteer service is introduced into Parliament, it will be found that conditional on this agreement the Volunteers will be armed with modern weapons and accoutrement, and a capitation grant made to their corps for each efficient Volunteer. The Volunteers until now have drawn whatever income the corps possesses by voluntary subscriptions. They have put their hands into their own pockets to obtain miniature rifle ranges, and they have clothed themselves. Few corps, if any, have modern rifles. They are now added to the Territorial Forces, and are asked to give their services for what may be an indefinite time, and I hope that Government will

deal liberally with them, for they deserve well of the country. In the days of the "Brook Green Volunteer" it was the fashion to treat the movement flippantly. Other days, other manners.



PRINCESS ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT "FISHING" IN A BRAN-TUB: THE ROYAL OPENER OF THE CHRISTMAS FAIR AT THE ALBERT HALL.

Princess Arthur of Connaught opened at the Albert Hall last Wednesday a Grand Christmas Fair in aid of Our Dumb Friends' League. She was received by Lord Lonsdale, who is seen on her left in the photograph.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]



## CHARMING CHILDREN OF DISTINGUISHED PARENTS.



1. ELDER SON OF A FAMOUS SAILOR: MASTER DAVID BEATTY.

3. THE LITTLE DAUGHTER OF A PRISONER OF WAR: MISS BETTY HARBORD.

2. YOUNGER SON OF A FAMOUS SAILOR: MASTER PETER BEATTY.

4. SON AND DAUGHTER OF AN OFFICER IN THE IRISH GUARDS: THE HON. MERVYN AND THE HON. DOREEN WINGFIELD.

Very special interest attaches to this quartet of children of distinguished parents. Master David Beatty is the elder son of that famous sailor, Vice-Admiral Sir David Beatty, the new Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Fleet. Master Peter Beatty is the Vice-Admiral's younger boy, and both of them, if there is anything in physiognomy, are worthy sons of their gallant father.—Little Miss Betty Harbord is the three-year-old daughter of Major

Harbord, D.S.O., who has been a prisoner of war in Germany for sixteen months, and has another little daughter whom he has not yet seen. Miss Betty Harbord has a remarkable voice for her age, and often sings to wounded soldiers.—The Hon. Mervyn Wingfield and his sister, the Hon. Doreen, are the elder son and only daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Powerscourt. Lord Powerscourt is in the Irish Guards.

Photographs Nos. 1 and 2, by Sarony; No. 3, by Lallie Charles; No. 4, by Poole, Waterford.





# CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER.

LADY BEATTY, daughter of Marshall Field, of Chicago, looks as interesting as she sounds. That is to say, she was, in her Chicago days, one of those American girls who seemed born and bred for distinction in England—one of those girls who lead the out-and-out Englishman to regard America, in the first place, as a continent that performs its highest function in providing England with beautiful and delightful wives. Lady Beatty has not failed to make the most of her new environment, and she is helping to make history by completing our ideal of a great English sailor—a man who must be picturesque in his home life as well as at sea.

"Worple Flit." Lord and Lady Glenconner are to be congratulated on "Worple Flit," the little blue-wrapped volume of verse recently published by Blackwell of Oxford. There is nothing on it to show that the author (their son)

gave his life for his country; but to those who identify the name of E. Wyndham Tennant with the young officer who met a gallant end in France the book must have a special interest. It is full of extraordinarily charming lyrics.

### Les Jeunes.

Another poetical volume to be issued from Oxford lacks this particular claim on our attention—the claim that has helped to sell Rupert Brooke in thousands, and made us careful to appreciate to the full the work of men like Sorley and Stirling. But it has a living interest that will serve the same purpose. It is a collection of poems, "mainly of a bizarre or macabre character," by "Nancy Cunard, Iris Tree, Edith and Osbert Sitwell," and other folk whose names are sufficient to ensure a second edition. But why "bizarre and macabre"? The notable thing about the verse of Wyndham Tennant, who really saw—and fell—among the things ghastly and terrible, is the freshness and sweetness of his rhymes. The young people who are left at home might well take example.

Lord D'Abernon is fated to opposition, whether he is instrumental in restricting the sale of intoxicants or in opening the way for the sale of the nation's pictures. His new Bill has brought to the front some unexpected opponents, including Orpen, and the Duke of Westminster, and Clausen. The artists seem to be against him, but he has, on the whole, the experts on his side, including that ogre of officialdom (Academic and otherwise), the great D. S. MacColl. And in pictures, Lord D'Abernon himself is a tower of strength, the "late" Sir Edgar Vincent, as he is sometimes called, being a great collector and a great connoisseur.

The notion is to make the National Gallery self-supporting—to give it the same footing as the dealers and sellers. At present the private buyer who finds he has duplicate examples of a master or who finds he has made a

mistake can sell out old stock in order to be armed with cash when a great prize comes into the market; and the position (and banking balance) of the dealer is perpetually strengthened by his ability to sell his lesser treasures in order to bid for a greater. His acumen enables him constantly to improve the quality of his stock. The difficulty in the present case is our long-fostered distrust of the acumen of our curators and national committees. Had they always

known their business in the past, there would be no objection to increasing their powers, and allowing them to sell, say, a few of the twenty thousand drawings by Turner, now in their keeping. Even the Duke of Westminster, surely, would admit that there are cases in which we might do a wise and profitable deal. Imagine the rush of the Americans to come on the market—the first of the National Gallery pictures to get into private hands. They would not necessarily be the best pictures, but they would have a pedigree. But the trouble is that we all count, not on profitable transactions, but on the mistakes.

### An Engagement.

Lord Ebrington's engagement, foretold some little while before it was officially announced, brings him numerous congratulations, including Prince Arthur of Connaught's. I wonder, by the way, if his bride-elect knows of, or possesses, a copy of a book dedicated to Lord Ebrington when he was a little boy—the charming book by his uncle, John Fortescue, dealing with the wild red deer, whose home, like the Fortescues', is Exmoor.

One of the most popular men in the West Country, Lord Ebrington's father is Lord-Lieutenant of Devonshire, and the offspring of a famous family. Miss Margaret Beaumont, the fiancée, is Lord and Lady Allendale's eldest daughter. As a Coronation debutante she had rather more than a glimpse of the decorated and elaborate world, her mother being a great Liberal hostess, her father a Lord-in-Waiting, and her grandfather, according to repute, the wealthiest commoner in England before his elevation. But since the war she has seen a great deal of the less ornate side of things, and has done hard, plain, matter-of-fact work in a London hospital.

Sir Douglas Haig is following Sir Ian Hamilton's example as a promoter of the arts. Sir Ian introduced Nevinson's war-pictures with a preface to the exhibition catalogue, and Sir Douglas has just written a foreword to the reproductions of Muirhead Bone's drawings of things seen at the front. The artists, in ordinary times, would smile at the notion of military approbation; but now things are different. And the Chelsea painter who is told by his tribunal chairman that art counts for nothing in war-time can now quote at least two Generals in a contrary sense.



ENGAGED TO LIEUT.-COLONEL C. M. L. BECHER: MISS WINIFRED PAGE.

Miss Winifred Page is the daughter of Mr. Ernest Page, K.C. Lieut.-Colonel Becher is in the Royal Irish Rifles.—[Photo, by Ellen Macnaghten.]



ENGAGED TO MAJOR ANTHONY S. ORPEN: MISS SYBIL MAR-GARET PLUMER.

Miss Sybil Plumer is the second daughter of General Sir Herbert Plumer, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., and Lady Plumer. Major Orpen is in the East Lancashire Regiment.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



AN EARL'S DAUGHTER AS TYPIST: LADY ROSAMOND BUTLER.

Lady Rosamond Butler is the seventeen-year-old elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Carrick, and is working under the Government as a typist, at Southampton. Lady Rosamond is most industrious, giving the whole of her time.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



PRESENTER OF A WHITE EAGLE TO A MUSEUM: LADY CHOLMELEY.

A white eagle, 36 inches in height, is a rare bird in the earth, but one has been shot down by a keeper on Lady Cholmeley's estates in Lincolnshire, and presented by her to the Lincoln Museum. It has a wingspan of eight feet. Lady Cholmeley is the widow of the fourth Baronet, Captain Sir Montague Aubrey Rowley Cholmeley, who was killed in the Great War, in 1914.—[Photograph by Swaine.]



THE AMERICAN MATINÉE AT THE PALACE: THE "CHAIRMAN" AND SOME SUPPORTERS.



AMERICAN MATINÉE PROMOTERS: L. TO R. (BACK ROW)—LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL; HON. MRS. FREDERICK GUEST; (MIDDLE ROW)—MRS. JOHN ASTOR; HON. MRS. JOHN WARD; LADY PAGET; MISS ETHEL LEVEY; CORA COUNTESS OF STRAFFORD; (FRONT ROW)—MRS. HOOVER; MRS. LAVERY; LADY CUNARD; DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH; LADY LISTER-KAYE.

The American Matinée, in aid of the "Front" Fund of the Ladies' Auxiliary Committee of the Y.M.C.A., is to take place at the Palace Theatre on Friday, Dec. 8. It has been organised by a committee of leading American hostesses in London, under the chairmanship of the Duchess of Marlborough. Tickets may be obtained from the Duchess of Marlborough and Mrs. C. F. Leyel, at Sunderland House, Mayfair. A series of tableaux from Sargent and Whistler pictures has been

prepared for the occasion by Lady Randolph Churchill, Mrs. John Lavery, Lady Lister-Kaye, and the Hon. Mrs. John Ward. Miss Ethel Levey, herself a native of San Francisco, has arranged an American programme of American artists. The well-known American actress, Mrs. Leslie Carter, will appear in a sketch with Mr. Leslie Carter. Another interesting feature will be the revival of old American folk-songs.—[Photograph specially taken for "The Sketch" by Malcolm Arbuthnot.]



## STRICTLY INACCURATE.



THE SOLE SURVIVOR OF A WRECKED ZEPPELIN PROPELLERING HIMSELF HOME.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON. (COPYRIGHTED IN U.S.A. BY THE ARTIST.)

“STARS” IN THEIR DRESSING-ROOMS.—XXIV.



MISS FAY COMPTON: AT THE SAVOY.

Miss Fay Compton has for some three months now been winning the heart of the absent-minded Professor in that old Barrie favourite, "The Professor's Love Story," at the Savoy, and incidentally winning the hearts of the audience as well. She makes Lucy White, the Professor's pretty secretary, a very natural and engaging young person. The Professor, in this case, is Mr. H. B. Irving. Miss Compton first became known to fame as a member of The Follies, and ultimately married their

chief, the late Mr. H. G. Polissier. She has since become the wife of Mr. Lauri de Frece. After leaving The Follies in 1913, she appeared at the Garrick in "Who's the Lady?" and has since been seen in London in "The Pearl Girl" and "The Cinema Star," and in "To-night's the Night," in New York. More recently she has been in revue, notably at the Empire, in "Follow the Crowd," and in every rôle has won success.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]



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IN DARKEST LONDON: PLAYING FOR SAFETY.

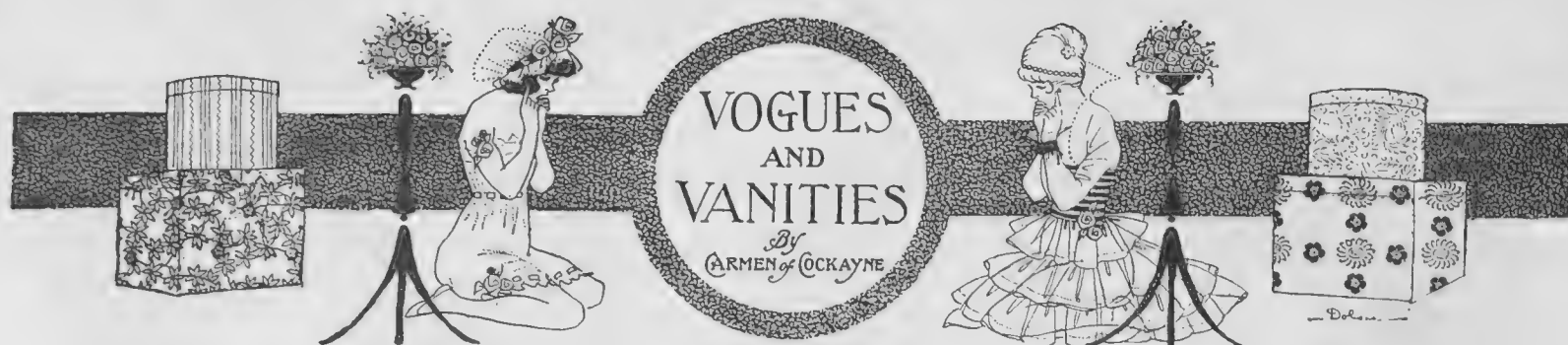


A LUMINOUS IDEA: THE LIGHT SIDE OF NIGHT LIFE.

*It is suggested that "wherever white can be adopted, it should be worn in the darkened streets, to avoid collisions."*

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.





### Christmas Not as Usual.

the eating line, it really looks as if we should all, willy-nilly, be forced to bend the knee at the shrine of the Goddess of Economy this Christmas. Not just in a perfunctory fashion either, as we've been doing for the last year or two, protesting our firm belief in the necessity of "husbanding resources" with our lips while we dived freely into our purses with both hands, but in real grim earnest; and those who honour the latest commandment, "Thou shalt not commit extravagance," more in the breach than in the observance are likely to find themselves in an awkward position. For it really does seem that if economy—the real kind, not the sham variety—isn't soon as fashionable as skunk, our rulers won't be to blame.

### Economy and Generosity.

But, though orgies of unnecessary food at fashionable restaurants are to be firmly "squashed," there's no reason why the Christmas spirit—which means, of course, the spirit of "giving"—should be wholly banished, and the vast majority of Yule presents are pretty certain to be of the useful variety. Even if you are spending money yourself, it's so intensely satisfying to feel that by your generosity you are saving someone else from doing the same; and, after all, to gain the approval of one's own conscience is a very comforting thing.



How does she get into it? The secret may lie with the braided loops—but then, again, it may not.



In its latest manifestation the popular jumper blouse becomes an affair à la Russe. In this instance this scheme is carried out in white and gold.

### Dress Still as Usual.

Where women are concerned, war-economy and dress are indissolubly linked. Sheer necessity, in the form of a limited exchequer and an inordinate rise in food prices, has forced home the need of thrift in the larder; but, so far, the spirit of self-denial in dress has not manifested itself to any marked extent. But, after all, it's not a very far cry from food to fashion, and if the Government means to attack woman in her most vulnerable quarter—her clothes—it's only common prudence to put by against the rainy day when to spend more than six-and-eleven-three for a blouse will be quite a serious offence in law. It is not urged that women should break out in the direction of presenting their friends with tailored models or Parisian evening gowns; but there are smaller and no less useful articles of dress which can be quite appropriately included in the "present" category; and amongst such the blouse, the one thing that is really an indispensable item in a woman's wardrobe, heads the list.

### Blouse Notions.

At Harrod's, in Brompton Road, the blouse this year has been the subject of more than usual consideration, and in the collection there being shown beauty and utility are equally blended, as the accompanying sketches by Dolores fully prove. The jumper affair—carried out in white crêpe georgette, whose wear-resisting qualities belie its frail appearance—shows the new round neck, which, like the sleeves and hem, is delicately embroidered in fine gold thread, the girdle being of gold cord finished with tassels to match. More utilitarian in character, though none the less attractive, is the second model, made of pale duck's-egg-blue crêpe-de-Chine, decorated, too, with fancy stitchery and a deep tuck above the waist both behind and before, and tiny hemstitched frills to finish the wrists. With transparency as the leit-motif of the blouses of the moment, it follows that beauty must be more than blouse-deep. So, naturally enough, the third sketch illustrates the inevitable and necessary slip required for wear with garments of this character. In this particular instance, ribbon, lace, and small coloured satin flowers have all contributed to the success of the finished article, though the result is by no means the final word on the subject, for a narrow-minded adhesion to a single idea is the last sin of which the "slip" could be justly accused.

### Collar Considerations.

Some two years ago women recovered the freedom of their necks. Recently, attempts have been made to induce women to adopt the halter collar once more; but, deaf for once to the call of fashion, woman has persisted in her affection for the low-collared or collarless blouse, and neck-bands of any description are again the exception rather than the rule. Another point worth noting is that the severely simple "shirt-waist" affair is being replaced by a more decorative variety. A feature of the newest blouses is the embroidery in silk, wool, or even beads that helps to relieve their Puritanic severity. A further departure from precedent is the revival of the basque—sometimes a fancy affair that falls into deep points on the hips, at others merely a gathered frill that falls just below the waist-line; whilst, as regards colour, there are decided indications of a reaction in favour of yellow, putty, peach, and pale apricot shades instead of the pink which has until lately been accounted the "only wear."



The beauty that is more than blouse-deep. An underslip toward the success of which lace, ribbon, and rococo flowers contribute their share.

AFTER THE ENGAGEMENT.



ERNEST: Now, Mary, it is only fair for me to tell you that I'm a somnambulist.

MARY: That's all right, dear. We'll take it in turns. I'll go to your chapel with you one Sunday, and you can come to my church the next.

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.





# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

## PASSENGER TO PARADISE: AN IRRESPONSIBILITY.

By MARGARET CHUTE.

"WHEN you're all packed up and——"  
"No place to go!" chanted Toby, with lugubrious enjoyment.

"Shut up!" retorted the man who was all packed up, glaring at a suit-case that had seen better days, and many of them.

"Life seems dre-e-ary, we-e-ary——"

A cushion whizzed across the room, aimed with intention and ability.

"Oouf!" concluded the singer, and ducked hurriedly.

"Life will be worse than weary or dreary, friend Toby," intimated the thrower of cushions, "if you don't stop that foul noise—in fact, existence will cease, quite suddenly, for you. I never *was* a nice man, according to experts. To-day I am further from that desirable state than I have ever been."

"So I gathered." Toby puffed forth a vast cloud of smoke, with a grin. "All right—I didn't sing it—I said it! No more cushions, please. Well, old soul, it comes to this—there once was a creature called Thomas, to whom the gods had been kind for some curious reason. He had wealth, he had health, he had many friends, among the number one Christopher Wrenne—sometimes known as Toby, and having not the vaguest connection with architecture."

"Of all the rot——" Thomas prodded the suit-case savagely.

"Thank you for the compliment, said he, bowing languidly," pursued the lunatic Toby, surrounded by smoke-clouds. "To resume. The aforesaid Thomas, upon the eve of Christmas, with his worldly goods packed, his mind at rest, and his conscience likewise—let us hope—confesses he is ruffled, sad, short-tempered. In other words, ready to commit murder. Thomas—why?"

Mr. Munford groaned. "I was trying to tell you," he snapped at the bland figure occupying his only decent chair. "As I said, when you're all packed up, and have two places to which you should go, what are you to do?"

Toby made a noise like escaping gas.

"Two places?" he repeated. "How's that? I thought you were going to spend Christmas with the Dents? My word, you *are* in request!"

"Request be jiggered! It's not a question of request—it's duty. It's Maud!"

"And what's wrong with Maud? She has planned her Christmas very well without you, up to date. Her house-party is—or was—complete, and remarkably jolly. I—er—I am one of the number; and I may tell you that a Press photographer of unimpeachable reputation has been commissioned to take a picture of Maud's guests sallying forth to church on Christmas morning. 'Among those present at this historic house-gathering will be noted the familiar—if idiotic—features of Mr. Christopher Wrenne, now enjoying sick leave, after his stirring adventures in Mudland'—which sounds involved, I admit; but means, in reality, what is the matter with Maud, and why put off the Dents for a mere sister-in-law?"

Thomas let out a huge sigh, and took the plunge.

"Let me say something, and then shut up for good!" was his plea. "Now I'm considered on the 'crock' list—thanks for telling me I possessed good health, by the way—I wanted to book myself up for Christmas, since hospital was a thing of the past, and I didn't exactly relish spending that festive day in solitary state at the club."

"Sound scheme," breathed Toby.

"What? Well, anyhow, I wasn't anxious to find myself a guest of Maud's, for reasons you may possibly——"

"Reasons? A reason, you mean—Coralline, to be quite truthful."

Thomas winced. Even the sound of her name hurt him. She was so sweet, so wonderful, so terribly desirable—and so desperately remote. . . .

"You've hit it," he confessed. "Thinking it likely that Maud might wish her sister—er—Coralline—to spend Christmas at Westchurch, I didn't want to risk being there at the same time. I—I haven't seen Cora—Miss Stanley, for over a year—and——"

"Why you ever went out to France without marrying her I'm dashed if I can understand!" complained Toby Wrenne. "You were engaged—and it all seemed so jolly fine——"

"Yes, it all seemed so jolly fine, till it all turned out so jolly rotten. We—quarrelled. Don't ask me why—I don't know. Any-way—it happened; and I went out to France, unmarried, and not even engaged. . . . Do you wonder I don't want to risk meeting her again, now I'm one of the useless crowd who can only look on and join in the cheering? If she wouldn't stick me before—what would she feel now?"

"God knows!" remarked Toby solemnly. "Women are such rum beggars. . . . get on with the story, Thomas, for the love of Mike."

Tom Munford gave his huge shoulders an impatient shake.

"The Dents wrote asking me there. I accepted. Packed my things; arranged to shut up here; intended to leave London to-day. This morning I got a letter from Maud—a despairing letter—Alfred very ill, says he must see me, begs that I go there at once, only brother—sole relative—worn out with anxiety—and so on, for six pages. House-party cut down—only a few special people—will I wire? I wired, Toby, and that wire said 'Coming to-day.'"

"That's the style!" Mr. Wrenne agreed. "And I'm here to escort you——"

"Wait a minute. At the same time I wired the Dents that I might be prevented from turning up—and here I am, with my things packed, and two destinations awaiting me! And I can't make up my mind which I'll book for when I get to the station."

Mr. Wrenne rose with dignity. "You must be dotty, old soul," he remarked acidly; "quite, entirely dotty. Alfred is ill—he wants you; your brother comes first, undoubtedly and emphatically. We toss the coin, Thomas, and it comes down 'Maud and Alfred' every time. The other place is just a wash-out—forget it. I am here to take you to Maud and Alfred!"

"You? What's it to do with you?" demanded the man who loved Miss Coralline Stanley. "You pretended just now you thought I was going to the Dents——"

"Though I know you are not paying the faintest attention really," quoth Toby Wrenne, with praiseworthy patience, "I will expound things unto you. I, my friend, am a guest at Westchurch. Maud has requested me not to cancel my visit, and has told me that our gaiety is to be increased by your presence. In fact, she wired an hour ago, imploring me to bundle you into the train and get you there somehow, even across my prostrate form. When I arrived this afternoon you did not even inquire the reason for my intrusion, so I dissembled, with success. My mission now stands revealed! Tom, I'm going to take you to Westchurch—or perish."

"You're an ass!" said Tom kindly. "Anyhow, the last train's gone—the Dents expect me more or less, and I haven't written any labels."

"The last train awaits us, my pessimistic friend, for a slip-coach to Westchurch decorates the back of the Western Express. And we shall adorn that coach, if energy and a taxi can prevail—a wire will settle the Dents. . . . As for labels—get your coat on, and I'll write 'em."

Tom, gloomy and anxious, battled with coat, hat, and stick; Toby, smiling and unruffled, juggled with a fountain-pen and the label on Mr. Munford's dilapidated suit-case.

"Ready? What have you written?" asked Thomas lazily, as they raced for the street.

"Look and see!" replied his escort tersely.

"Some fool thing, I suppose." Tom felt sure.

"Not so jolly foolish!" murmured Toby, as the taxi panted stationwards.

"Telegraph-office—booking-office—slip-coach for Westchurch on Western Express," hissed the self-appointed guide in Tom's reluctant ear.

[Continued overleaf.]

## TWO GREAT PREMIERS



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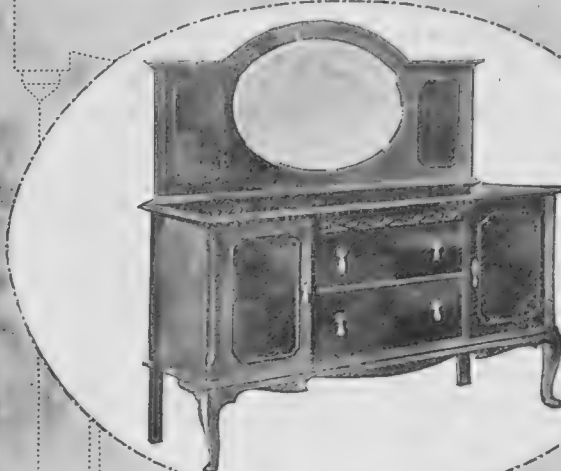
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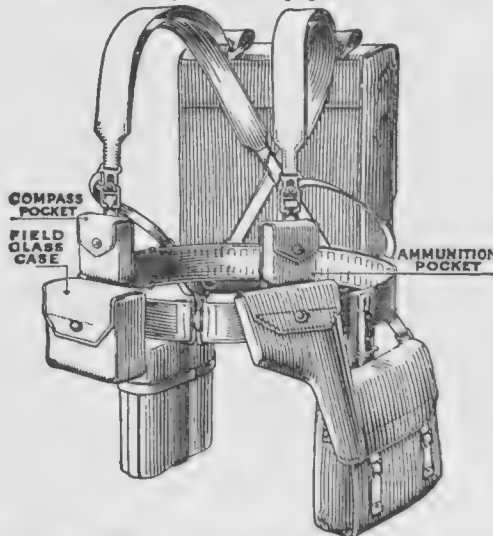
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And thus it was. Amid the rush and flurry of Christmas Eve they snatched tickets, found the platform, and ran the slip-coach to earth.

"Jolly few carriages," complained Thomas Munford. "Only two firsts on the whole train—oh, Lord!"

He dived away from the door of a first-class carriage containing a fur coat and a pair of high-heeled shoes.

"Next door!" yelled Toby, above the prevailing din. "It's a smoker—I'm going to make a dash for some papers. Hang on to a corner for me."

He vanished up the platform—the throng increased, the minutes flew.

Tom installed himself in one corner, and plunged his suit-case on the opposite side, then fell into a blue study—Coralline, he wondered, where was she spending Christmas? Was she married, or engaged, or—he was so shockingly out of touch with things. Never mind; he had the whole of his life stretching ahead to get in touch with them again. . . . But Coralline, she was never far from his thoughts—never had been, through those ghastly months somewhere that had ended in hospital . . . and no more fighting days for him. . . .

That ass Toby—where was he?

Someone blew a whistle—almost in his ear. Doors slammed, the train gave a jerk. He looked out of the window hurriedly. Not a sign of Toby.

"Where to, Sir?" yelled an official.

"Westchurch!" shouted Tom, and subsided into his corner, after a confused vision of many figures making a wild dash for the train. Toby was in that bunch, he did not doubt—had got in lower down, and would drift through to the slip-coach at the first stopping place.

How all those people could hope to find room in a train already crammed—yet here he sat, in an empty first-class carriage. Perhaps the suit-cases and rugs had done it—scared people away, or perhaps—

The door-handle on the corridor side rattled noisily. He rose, dragged back the door, and drew aside, with a perfunctory "Allow me."

A girl walked into the compartment, carrying a dark-blue dressing-case. She was rather breathless, and her fur coat seemed more than she could bear.

"I'm so sorry," she said, in a very low voice. "All the other compartments in this coach are full—I only got in at the last minute, and walked along to see if—"

There was a brief, agonised silence.

Then the man said "Coralline—Coralline," in a blurred, indistinct tone, and swayed dizzily, as he stood facing her.

Coralline Stanley looked at him, the pupils of her wonderful eyes growing large and dark. Calmly she dropped her bag, and held out a small, steady hand.

"Tom!" she said, in a thoroughly matter-of-fact voice. "How odd! . . . I—I'm glad to see you again."

He tried to speak, but his voice proved a traitor to his will. One stride took him away from her, across to the window, which he let down with a bang—and in came a rush of cold fresh air.

"I'm sorry," he said thickly. "Awfully hot, isn't it? Hope you—don't mind?" He sat down, because he simply could not stand up any longer.

She laughed—the laugh he had loved and remembered through so many weary months.

"I like it," she said. "I'm stifling too; this coat is so heavy—thank you, I will take it off."

His hands touched her shoulders, and he found himself shaking from head to foot . . . she was sweeter than ever, more beautiful than he had dreamed—and, for him, she simply did not exist.

Installed by the window, she opened a popular illustrated weekly, turned a few pages idly; then said, as though addressing a complete stranger—

"It's ages since we met, isn't it?"

He winced, as though she had struck him across the eyes with her small gloved hand.

"Oh—yes," he agreed brusquely; and a lightning picture of that last meeting flashed through his mind. She had been his wife-to-be that last sad day; he had kissed her, and talked of future times, when nothing could part them. And—they had quarrelled. How or why he did not know. Only that the most awful thing in the whole world had happened, and he had left her, with stern eyes and a rigid mouth, carrying the ring she had worn in his pocket and all the misery of Hades in his heart.

Then he had gone to France; and now— He looked at the girl facing him, drinking in the beauty of her face, with its exquisite skin, her strange-coloured, mysterious eyes, the curling golden hair that crept from under her smart fur cap, her lovely, languid hands turning the pages of her paper—and he wondered dully if the past and all it held was only a dream after all. . . .

"Lots of things have happened since I saw you," Coralline's voice said, as from a great distance. "You—you've had a bad time, haven't you?"

"Oh, pretty tough. Not half as bad as some chaps, though. The worst of it, in my case, is the fact that I can't go back. They won't have me—I've got to look on."

Her fingers tightened on the page she was turning.

"You'll hate that," she said, scarcely above a whisper.

A great light shot across his eyes. How well she understood! How well she knew him! . . . The train roared through a tunnel, and memory came back, in a sudden, devastating flood.

"Good Lord!" It was the cry of a desperate man.

"What? Are you ill?"

Wildly he waved the anxious query aside.

"No, I'm perfectly well. I've just remembered, that's all."

"Remembered? Is it something—awful?"

"Yes. Worse than awful—tragic . . . I must get out at once."

She stared at him in real terror; then a smile came to help her.

"Don't be so absurd. We're doing sixty miles an hour. Besides, you're a passenger to—"

"Westchurch. Exactly."

"Westchurch. . . . So why should you get out?"

He leaned towards her, and waited till her mysterious eyes looked straight into his own.

"I'm a passenger to Westchurch," he announced. "So are you. It's only just dawned on me. That's why I must get out."

"I don't quite see," hesitated Coralline, then looked quickly at the flying landscape and blushed. "I'm sorry," she murmured faintly. "I—I didn't realise I was such an obnoxious individual. I—it means, I suppose, that you simply can't stand the idea of spending Christmas under the same roof with me."

Her voice died away, and had he been looking anywhere but at the coloured views decorating the carriage he might have seen that her lips were shaking pitifully.

"That's so," he ground out bitterly. "As things are, I simply couldn't stand it. And as Maud is your sister—she wants you; so, when this carriage drops off at Westchurch, I'll go back."

Coralline stole one look at him, and braced herself for a big effort.

"But Alfred is your brother—and he wants you. I'll go back when we arrive," she remarked with determination.

"Certainly not. That's absurd—they expect you. I'm only dragged in at the eleventh hour. I ought to be at the Dents; and even if Alfred is ill—"

"Ill? Alfred? Why, I thought—"

A row of peculiarly excellent teeth closed over Coralline's lower lip, and her sentence remained unfinished.

"Very ill. Maud wrote to-day—that's why I'm here in this beastly slip-coach, cooped up—"

"With me?—and other people!" Coralline Stanley concluded; and then said "O-oh!" with much meaning.

Tom got up hurriedly, stamped to the corridor door, clutched it—and stamped back again.

"I'm hot—and cold—and I wish I'd never left France alive," he said, glaring at the only woman-in-the-world.

That lady gazed at him with unnatural composure.

"You are making me feel a positive criminal," she said. "It isn't my fault that Alfred is ill; or that Maud sent for you; or that this is a slip-coach and jolly full; or that—really, one would think, from your behaviour, you accuse me of having planned the whole thing."

He flung up his hands. "Great Cæsar!" he shouted. "I believe—I believe you *did*!"

Miss Stanley looked at him for a long minute, and her wonderful eyes grew star-like.

"You're perfectly right," she whispered; "I *did*!"

A train travelling sixty miles an hour is a bad place for kissing—especially when over twelve months' lost kisses have to be made up. Still, determination is the great thing in such cases. And, in the Westchurch slip-coach, determination won.

"But—why?" asked Tom Munford several miles later.

Coralline turned pink. "Just because I was a coward. . . . I quarrelled with you—and regretted it directly after. Then you went away, and when you came back, crooked, I—I was desperate. I felt sure you'd never say anything, so—so I tried to force your hand. We arranged to-day's events between us, Maud and Toby and I."

"Toby!" yelled Tom. "That's what I've been missing—Toby!"

"He's in the next carriage, all alone—I changed with him," murmured Coralline. . . . And then someone said "Tickets, please."

In giving back Tom's ticket, this individual left a slip of paper in his hand.

"Hullo—what's this?" inquired Mr. Munford. "Looks like—it is Toby's ugly fist! What in heaven's name does he mean by sending letters to me through the ticket-man? Look at the label on your suit-case—am I right?—that's all he says! The man's mad!"

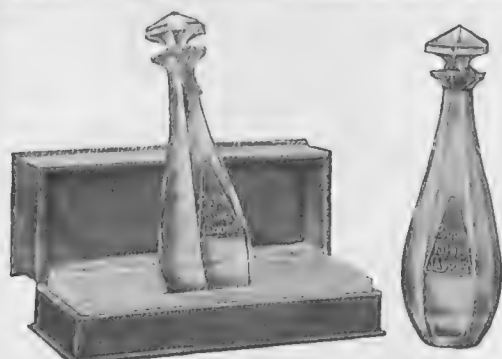
"Is he?" Coralline wondered. "Let's look."

The label was large, and on it appeared these words in bold characters—"Thomas Munford, Passenger to Paradise."

Tom looked at Coralline; Coralline looked at Tom. And the answer was obvious.

"What an ass!" quoth Tom, grinning. "But how did *he* know, I wonder?"

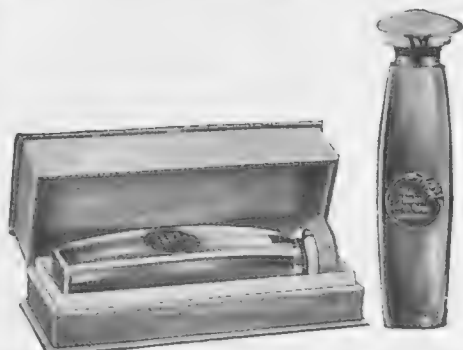
THE END.



THE "BLUE LAGOON" PERFUME.



PARFUM "ARCADIE."



THE "HEART OF A ROSE" PERFUME



BATH CRYSTALS in all the above odours.  
Prices. 1/6, 2/6, 4/6, 7/6, 15/-, 25/- per bottle.

BATH DUSTING POWDER, for use with a large puff after the Bath, in all above odours.  
Prices, 2/6, 4/6, 8/6, 17/6 per box.

## A Choice Selection of DUBARRY'S Xmas Gifts



WHAT can be more acceptable than a present of the choicest perfume in a crystal bottle worthy of the exquisite essence it contains? A present that will adorn the dressing-table, and one that every time it is used will bring fragrant recollections of the donor. These perfumes represent the highest perfection that the art of perfumery has attained.

### THE "BLUE LAGOON" PERFUME.

A lovely perfume reminiscent of the more refreshing odours of Tropical Flowers. It is a perfume of alluring charm. The bottles of the 10/6 size and upwards are of pale sapphire tinted cut crystal, the smallest size in white crystal.

Prices 5/9, 10/6, 16/9, 21/- & 25/-  
Silk Presentation Cases, 3/- extra.

### "NIGHT OF JUNE" PERFUME.

Imagine an old-world garden with the Lilies, Stocks, Roses, Carnations and Honeysuckle exhaling their dewy fragrance, and one will have some idea of the sweetness of this "Night of June" Perfume.

In lovely carnation decorated frosted bottles, 17/6 each.  
Smaller size in clear cut crystal bottle, 5/9 each.  
Silk Presentation Cases, 3/- extra.

### "PARFUM ARCADIE."

A lovely rich mellow perfume which has won for itself the favour of the Parisian World of Fashion. A voluptuous, satisfying fragrance, without any trace of oppressiveness.

In beautiful sculptured crystal bottle, price 15/- each.  
In smaller cut crystal bottle, price 5/9  
Silk Presentation Cases, 3/- each extra.

### "PARFUM ROMADOR."

A rich perfume of fascinating charm. One enthusiastic critic has described it as "liquid gold." A perfume of distinction. This perfume may be taken as an example of the enormous progress made in the art of perfumery within the last three years.

In cut crystal bottles, 15/-, 10/6 & 5/9  
Silk Presentation Cases, 3/- each extra.

### "THE HEART OF A ROSE" PERFUME

Smell a newly expanded rich red rose plucked in the early morning before the heat of the day, and one will then appreciate how true to Nature is this delightful perfume. A leader of Society describes it as the dainty Englishwoman's ideal perfume.

Prices, 15/-, 10/6 & 5/9, in cut crystal bottles.  
Silk Presentation Cases, 3/- each extra.

### "A BUNCH OF VIOLETS" PERFUME.

Never before has the sweet elusive fragrance of a bunch of violets been so successfully captured and imprisoned within crystal walls. A perfume of charm and refinement.

Price, 15/-, 10/6 & 5/9 in cut crystal bottles.  
Silk Presentation Cases, 3/- extra.

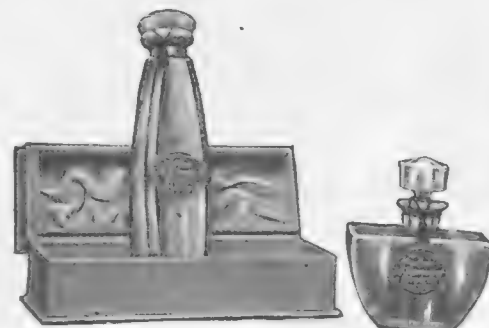
Any of the Above sent Post Free on Receipt of Remittance.



"NIGHT OF JUNE" PERFUME.



PARFUM "ROMADOR."



"A BUNCH OF VIOLETS" PERFUME.



POUDRE DUBARRY.

The perfect face powder in all the above odours and five tints, Blanche, Rosée, Naturelle, Rachel, Rachel Foncé. Price 4/6 per box.

SAVON POUR LE BAIN.—Large Wooden Bowls of Soap, perfumed in all the above odours. 3 sizes, 15/6, 21/-, and 25/- per bowl.





# THE 'TANK' Commander

We caused "some" stir amongst our boys when we first rumbled up behind our lines, but we created more stir when we had a look round Fritz's sleeping quarters. They thought anything we produced was a "wash-out," but we caught them napping for once. A Creme de Menthe, as my Tank is nicknamed, acts as a tonic upon our boys, and with a good cig.—say an "Army Club," for choice—we can go anywhere, do anything, and over anything.



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20 for 9d., 50 for 1/10½, 100 for 3/9.

We will post 200 "Army Club" Cigarettes to members of the Expeditionary Forces for 6/-, specially packed in air-tight tins of 50's. Order from your Tobacconist or direct from CAVANDER'S, Glasgow. The Firm of Three Centuries. London Postal Address: 167, Strand, W.C.



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for tired, lined eyes, imperfect contours, unhealthy complexions, double chins, &c., is the

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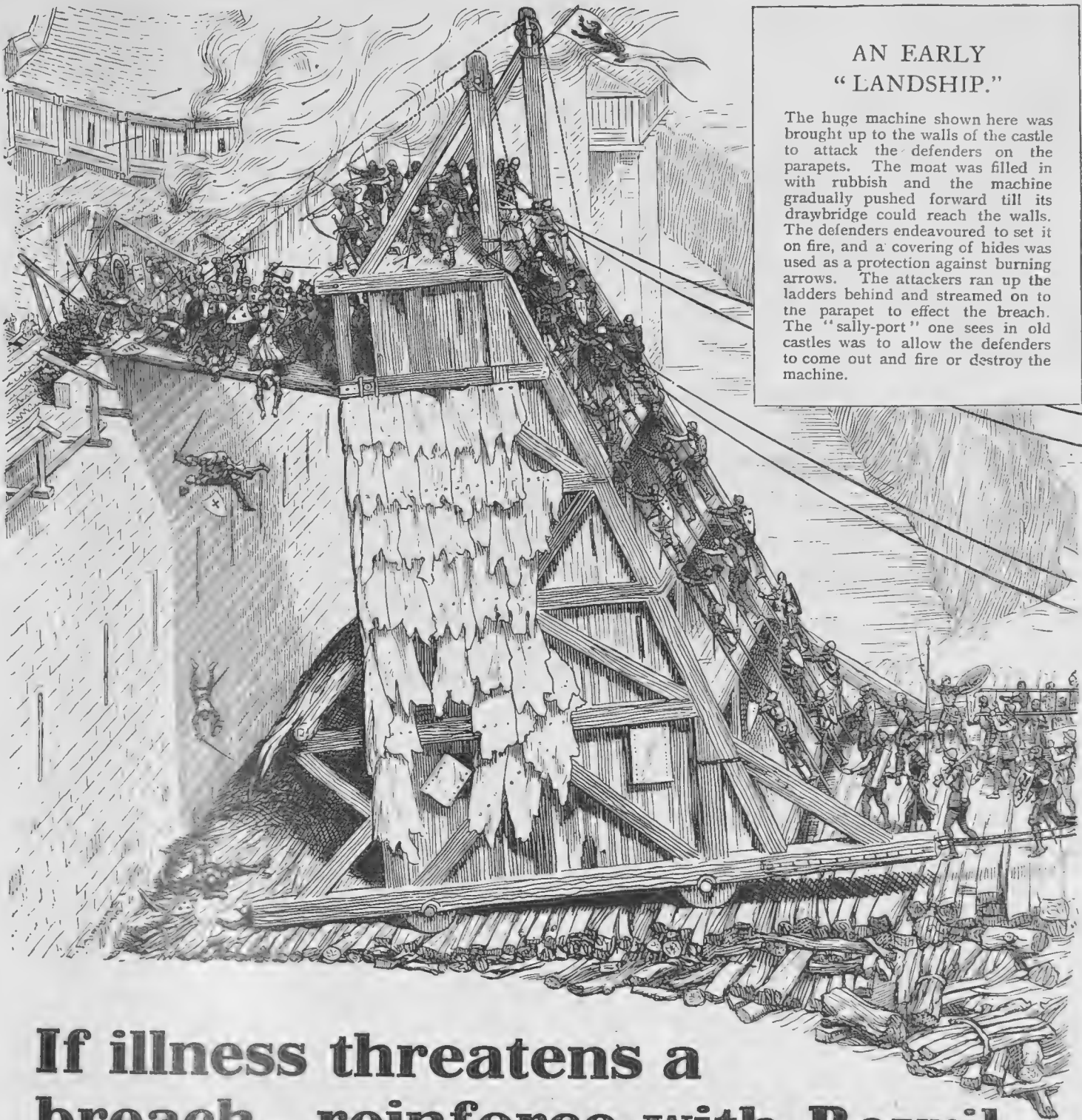
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Its use reduces Imports. Full of Health, Zest and fine Flavour. The Quintessence of the Apple.

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### AN EARLY "LANDSHIP."

The huge machine shown here was brought up to the walls of the castle to attack the defenders on the parapets. The moat was filled in with rubbish and the machine gradually pushed forward till its drawbridge could reach the walls. The defenders endeavoured to set it on fire, and a covering of hides was used as a protection against burning arrows. The attackers ran up the ladders behind and streamed on to the parapet to effect the breach. The "sally-port" one sees in old castles was to allow the defenders to come out and fire or destroy the machine.

## If illness threatens a breach—reinforce with Bovril

If you let yourself get "run down" the germs of illness break through the defensive forces of your body and you fall a victim. To-day more than ever you need to hold the fortress of your health intact. The nation needs your work. The nation cannot afford that you should fall out of the fight. Maintain your health with Bovril.

The wonderful body-building powers of Bovril give you more strength to resist

the attacks of illness. You are sure of being nourished if you take Bovril.

And Bovril gives you that fine sense of energy and vitality which makes it a joy to accomplish big work. Indeed, Bovril may well be termed "concentrated energy," for it takes a joint of beef to make a bottle of Bovril.

Start taking Bovril to-day — but remember it must be Bovril.

*For the Front.—The most convenient pack to send out to Officers is Campaigning Bovril. Six 4-oz. jars in a compact parcel.*

**The Body-Building Powers of Bovril proved to be 10 to 20 times the amount taken**

**In spite of the increase in the cost of beef, the raw material of Bovril, the price of Bovril has not been increased since the outbreak of the war.**





# THE WHEEL AND THE WING

THE LIGHT-CAR OUTCRY: AN ELECTRIC MOTOR BATH-CHAIR: LAW LUNACY.

## Why Lighter Cars?

More than a little mysterious is the clamour which has arisen of late in several quarters for lighter cars. By this is not to be implied a greater array of smaller and cheaper cars as such, but the reduction of the weight of existing models proportionately to the type concerned. In other words, if the average 10-h.p. car weighs 11 cwt., there are those who consider that it would be an advantage to bring it down to, say, 9 cwt. Apparently, the object in view is to give the engine less weight to pull, and thereby gain in speed on hills, and also ensure a reduction in the petrol consumption. One cannot help wondering, however, how much actual driving the advocates of the weight-reduction theory have done during the past two years, for if there is one thing that has been proved more emphatically than any other during the war period, it is that the average car is too light for anything but the smoothest of roads. Inasmuch, therefore, as many of our roads are worn into pot-holes by transport and motor-bus traffic, the demand for lighter vehicles is singularly ill-timed, quite apart from the fact that it might even be contested in peace time. It is impossible to use any light car to the best advantage under existing conditions, for the simple reason that one is bumped to bits on bad surfaces; while at times the vehicle will not hold the road at all, and becomes uncontrollable if forced at anything like its best pace. Nor does this disability by any means apply to small two-seater cars alone; even the full-sized American cars are uncomfortable by reason of their flimsy bodies, and the roads are often even bad enough to tax any type of car whatsoever. The only car which is equal to the discomforts of bad road travelling is the long-wheel-based, six-cylinder vehicle with big tyres. If peace were declared to-morrow, many people who would otherwise be only too anxious to avail themselves of the handiness and cheapness of upkeep of the small car—to say nothing of its low initial price—would hesitate to invest therein until the roads generally were improved.

## Other Disabilities.

Comfort to the passengers, moreover, is not the only question to be considered. There is the side-slip danger, for one thing; and it is an undoubted fact that a light two-seater floating about among pot-holes on a greasy day is much harder to keep straight than a heavier car. As for four or five-seated cars, they are utterly lacking in balance when they are driven without their full complement of passengers, if the body is of the light American type. Not only does this increase the tendency to skidding, but it also makes them exceedingly difficult to pull up, owing to the lack of adhesion in the

back wheels. There is one car in particular which I might mention that hardly seems to answer to the brakes at all, and the cause is, solely the disproportionate lightness of the rear part of the vehicle.

## Fulfilled—but Unobtainable.

A self-propelled bath-chair would have been a boon to invalids even before the war was heard of; but in present circumstances it would be of inestimable service to convalescents in thousands. This long-felt want, however, has actually been fulfilled by the invention of a bath-chair fitted with a  $\frac{1}{2}$ -h.p. electric motor; but the unfortunate fact remains that it cannot be manufactured speedily. The hospitals

are clamouring for it, and orders have been pouring in at the rate of nearly a hundred a week, but all that the output is equal to is one machine a month! And, meanwhile, the law has distinguished itself in the usual way by mulcting the inventor in pains and penalties for using an unregistered motor vehicle and driving it without a license. This, too, at the very time when we were celebrating the completion of the twentieth year of motor locomotion in this country, and laughing at the stupidity of two decades ago, which enjoined a pace of four miles an hour and

the employment of a man with a red flag. Have we, after all, progressed, when a man is fined for crawling along the pavement in a  $\frac{1}{2}$ -h.p. vehicle?

## Dock or Fine the Only Way.

What is even quainter, however, than the fact that anyone should be fined in 1916 in just the same conservative spirit as that which compelled the early motorist, before 1896, to drive behind a red flag, is the state of things which forces a man to become a criminal before he can obtain a ruling on a doubtful point. The object of the law is to punish wilful crime, but even in the twentieth century

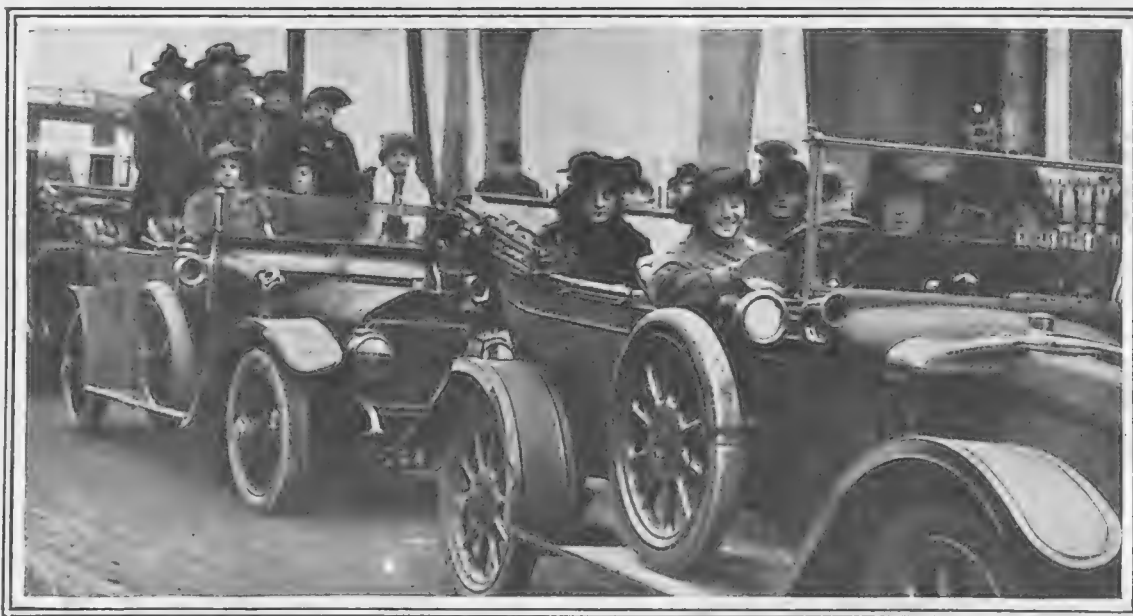
its cumbrous machinery has to be set in motion when the whole object of a particular individual is to avoid breaking it at all! The inventor of the motor bath-chair was only too desirous of conforming to the law, and was quite willing to register the "vehicle," if that were deemed to be essential, but no one in authority could or would give a ruling on the point. Why should it be impossible for a Government department, or the

police, to take a judicial opinion on the matter? The same state of things arose in connection with the use of petrol "substitutes"; no Government department would take the responsibility of defining what was petrol and what was not. Is there no way in which a man may find out what he may or may not do but the crude method of appearing in the dock—which is the very thing he wishes to avoid?



CROSSING A BRIDGE THAT LOOKS DECIDEDLY "ROCKY": A MOTOR-LORRY ON RAILS IN GERMAN EAST AFRICA.

A converted motor-lorry running along rails is here seen crossing a bridge on the Dar-es-Salaam railway, which was damaged by the retreating enemy.—[Photograph by Illustrations' Bureau.]



FRENCH WOMEN MUNITION-MAKERS IN LONDON: LEAVING WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

On their return from Scotland and the Midlands, the party of French women munition-makers visiting this country recently arrived in London. Their programme included visits to the Abbey, Woolwich Arsenal, and a 'dinner' at the Mansion House.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]



## WEB-EQUIPMENT CLEANING

—the Problem  
and its Solution.

*The first essentials in any cleaning preparation are that it must preserve the "nature" of the material and maintain the correct colour.*

## "WEB-BLANCO"

is made expressly for the purpose of cleaning Web-equipment. The first trial will demonstrate that it meets all requirements in full.

It adds to the **WATERPROOF** qualities of the Webbing, and thus ensures both longer wear and smarter appearance.

It is **CONVENIENT**—a cake in a metal box complete with sponge occupies the minimum of room in the kit, and is a compact, handy, self-contained package.

It is **ECONOMICAL**—needing to be but thinly applied.

It is **EASY TO USE**—saving both time and labour. And it is cheap.

'WEB-Blanco' has War Office approval.

**To O.C.'s** who have not had 'WEB-BLANCO' brought under their notice we will gladly send a sample and particulars. Please address—

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*Fashionable Diamond Initial and Gold Watch Bracelets on Black Moiré Bands or in Regimental Colours.*



No. 515.—Fine Diamond Bracelet, with Border of White Enamel, on Black Silk or Regimental Coloured Band, any Initial,  
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These Bracelets are supplied with a Gold Adjustable Clip Fastening to fit any Wrist.

A CHOICE SELECTION FOR INSPECTION.

*An added  
Charm to  
every occasion*



## AT THE THEATRE,

in the Concert Hall, in the Restaurant and on all occasions when relaxation is sought in these anxious times, the fragrance of Yardley's Eau de Cologne brings

an extra charm and refinement, and its refreshing and reinvigorating properties an added zest.

**Although the best, it costs no more.**

### PRICES.

4-oz. bottles, as illustrated, 2/6

WICKERED BOTTLES:

Small . . . 4/- Medium . . . 7/6

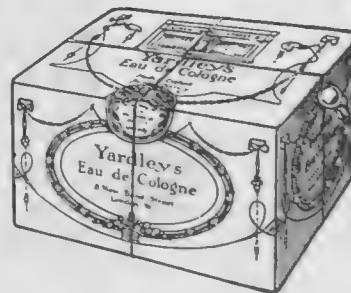
Large . . . 15/- Magnum . . . 30/-

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The Original Package,  
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1/2 doz. 4-oz. bottles. Price 14/6

For Cut-glass Bottles and other  
Gift styles see Price List, post free.



# Yardley's Eau de Cologne

8, New Bond Street, W.

AND OF ALL HIGH-CLASS CHEMISTS AND STORES.





## Christmas Presents for All.

### A Much-Prized Present.

Shaving is, I have been told by men, like having a tooth out—something to be endured for the subsequent relief and pleasure afforded. The men in question were either shaved, or had to do it themselves, in the old-world way. The Gillette Safety Razor has revolutionised all this, and the man of the moment thinks no more of shaving himself—that is to say, it is a refreshing and exhilarating occupation. A gift, therefore, of a Gillette Safety Razor in a little pocket-case no bigger than a cigarette-case is one for which a soldier campaigning will have every reason to bless the sender, and will do so. The man at home and the man at sea will also be grateful recipients of so convenient a gift, costing a guinea. For a similar sum, and upwards, are other sets in handsome leather cases, including combination outfits with soap and brush complete. Whatever is chosen, provided it is Gillette, it will be a welcome, much-prized present.



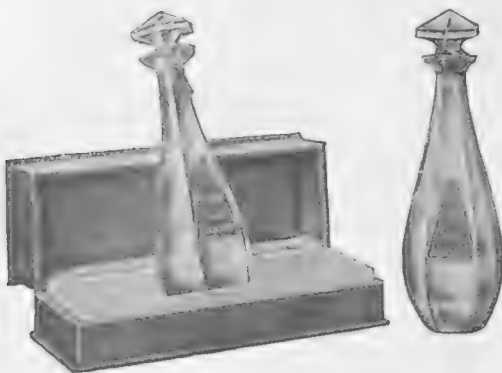
A MAN'S PRESENT.  
The "Gillette" Safety Razor.

### The Ideal Accompanist.

One may sing like an artist of first quality, but always the vocalist is dependent on the accompanist. Even those rare artists who can and do play their own accompaniment much prefer to have it played for them if the reliable player can be found. The Gramophone Company, Hayes, Middlesex, have in "His Master's Voice" records ideal artistic accompaniments for many of the favourite songs of the day. In some instances these records are from accompaniments played by the actual composers of the songs, and are therefore phrased and timed so as to get the very finest effect in singing them. Every one of them is inspiring to sing to, and an amateur or professional singer values them immensely, as thoroughly dependable and sustaining backgrounds to good songs, which give such real delight in private homes or from public platforms.

### Real Friend and Treasure.

Women of exquisite taste will this year feel a special gratitude for presents of refinement and exclusive charm, such as are to be found at Dubarry et Cie., Parfumeurs, 81, Brompton Road. The reason is that, badly as they want these things, they hesitate at such a time to spend money on themselves. The opportunity of giving them great gratification, therefore, is afforded to their friends. Not only are such exquisite essences as Parfume Arcadie, Parfum Romador, the Blue Lagoon, the Heart of a Rose, Night of June, and Bunch of Violets pleasures in themselves of haunting and elusive charm, but they are enclosed in bottles worthy of them, original and artistic in shape, and ornamental on any dressing-table. The colours, too, of the frosted glass of some of the bottles are full of fascination. Prices range from 17s. 6d. to 5s. 9d., and silk presentation cases are 3s. extra. These beautiful perfumes, in their beautiful environment, do not exhaust the things to be found at Dubarry et Cie.'s salons. There are wonderfully good dental tooth-pastes, which whiten and preserve the teeth, and are approved by leading dentists. There is Glossano hair-shampoo, which ensures a woman's hair continuing to be a glory to her; and there is the celebrated Poudre Dubarry, in five tints, at 4s. 6d. a box. It is the powder that clings and beautifies, and, like the perfume, is a woman's real friend and treasure.

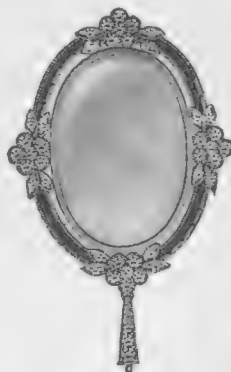


A VERITABLE TREASURE.  
Dubarry et Cie.

be no wrestle with a recalcitrant pen. It must be the real friend of the ready writer, and such is the Swan Fountpen in every respect. Added to its perfections, there is now special provision for campaigners, in ink-tablets. These are supplied in tubes containing forty. One dropped into the pen reservoir, which is then filled with water from water-bottle, tea from cup, or almost any liquid, and then the

### Second to None in the World.

Jewellery is always a gift particularly acceptable to both sexes, for men like beautiful things just as much as women do, although their opportunities for displaying them are less. The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths have, at their fine Showrooms at 112, Regent Street—which is their only address—a display of jewellery second to none in the world. For artistic beauty of design, fine workmanship, and first-rate quality, it has no equal. A really lovely present for a woman is a handsome diamond neck-slide set in palladium on a velvet band. It is a beautiful, becoming, and imposing ornament, and the price is £70. Another lovely gift is a pendant miniature frame in diamond-and-black-onyx, set in palladium, for twenty guineas. Very appropriate, for this third Christmas in war-time, is a date-brooch in diamonds, at £35. For a man a useful and beautiful present is a set of three fine Oriental studs, at £14. These can be had in several sizes, from £4. Diamond crystal-ball hat-pins, set with diamonds, are not only useful, but very ornamental, and cost £17 a pair. There is also great variety in less costly presents, such as a fine-quality keyless lever watch on an English expanding bracelet, in 9-carat gold, for five pounds. A diamond arrow, which now denotes "On Government Work," makes a charming veil-fastener, and costs five guineas. A very large choice in beautiful rings will be found at the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths.



USEFUL AND BEAUTIFUL  
CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Ltd.



One, in beautiful pearls and diamonds—in all, seven stones—is a wonderful gift for £6 10s. In all kinds of military, naval, and air service badges, the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths are very rich; and they are made up into fascinating and beautiful little lace-pins and other things. There is no good and lovely gift in jewellery that cannot be purchased in this establishment of world-wide renown.

### An Indispensable Gift.

I wonder what we should do if there were no communication by writing? It would be a vastly different world, without shadow of doubt. As it is, this blessing of letter lines of communication is wonderfully facilitated by the invention and subsequent perfection of the Swan Fountpen. With one to suit the writer in every respect, inditing a letter is a real pleasure. Ideas are evasive things: to stop their flow for attention to an ink-pot is often to lose them; while, to put on paper what one wants to easily and fluently, there must



THE INDISPENSABLE "SWAN" FOUNT-PEN.  
Mabie, Todd and Co.

[Continued overleaf.]



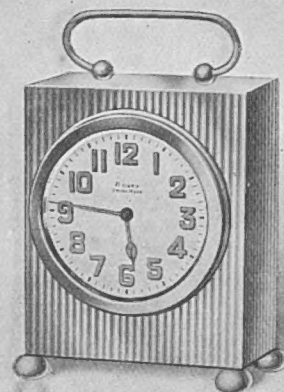
## CHRISTMAS PRESENTS. *of Highest Quality.*



Black Faille Silk and Velvet Handbag, lined Silk and fitted with Inner Frame, Mirror and Powder Puff, with Marcassite and Jade Mounts. Paris made. **£5 5 0**



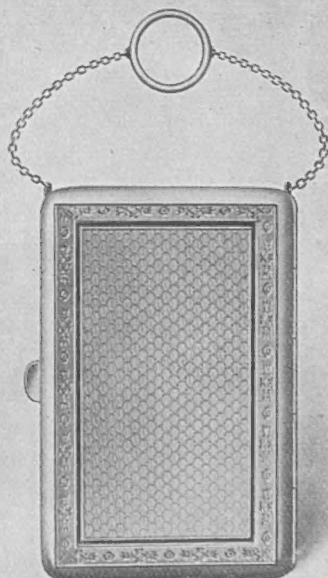
Solid Silver Folding Photo Case, to take two photos. Outside size,  $3\frac{1}{2} \times 2\frac{3}{8}$  ins. **£2 7 6**



8-day Lever Timepiece, in Engine-turned Silver Case, with leather back. Luminous Dial. **£3 5 0**



Solid Silver charmingly Engine-turned Powder and Vanity Box, fitted with Mirror in lid. Gilt inside. can be used separately as Trinket or Cachou Box, if desired. Diameter,  $2\frac{3}{8}$  ins. **£1 10 0**



Lady's Solid Silver Cigarette Case, with Mirror, beautifully Engine-turned. **£2 15 0**

THESE Christmas Presents, with many others of equal high quality and moderate price are to be seen at The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent Street.

For the convenience of those who may be unable to make a personal selection, articles will be sent for approval, carriage paid, at The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company's risk.

A Catalogue of Christmas Presents will be forwarded on application.

Note the Address:

THE  
**GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS  
COMPANY LTD.** *with which is incorporated The Goldsmiths' Alliance Ltd. (J.B. Savory & Sons) Established 1751*

**112 Regent Street London W.**

The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company have no branches anywhere.



Swan Fountain flies away on its mission of affection, remembrance, encouragement, and hope. For 14s., a safety Swan, a tube of forty ink-tablets (for which no filler is needed), and a Swan metal pocket-holder (preventing loss or breakage), will be despatched from the United Kingdom to any member of the Expeditionary Force, and to any British possession at 4d. postage; elsewhere from United Kingdom, 6d. It is the best active service writing-kit. The Swan is always ready, and does not get out of order. A catalogue from Mabie, Todd, and Co., 79-80, High Holborn, is lavishly illustrated, gives full information, and will be sent post free to any reader applying for one. The prices of these pens, which become priceless to their owners, is from 10s. 6d. to £10.

#### A Delight-Bestowing Gift.

When in doubt—in fact, whether in doubt or not—go to Mappin and Webb's, for the firm's name is one to conjure with in all parts of the world where there are Britons. Whether at 158, Oxford Street; 2, Queen Victoria Street; or 172, Regent Street, the firm's productions are the most beautiful, most



A DAINY CLOCK, JEWELLED INITIAL BRACELETS, AND A BADGE-BROOCH: AT MAPPIN AND WEBB'S.

varied, and of the best value that the most exigent customer can hope for. A bracelet having a gold-and-enamel diamond-set initial on black moiré, or a regimental-colour wristlet, is a charming gift, and costs only five guineas. An expanding watch-bracelet, in a case, is a delight-bestowing gift; and in 9-carat gold, costs £5; in 15-carat, £7 10s.; and in 18-carat, £10; the watch has a thoroughly good lever movement. Delightful for a boudoir or a writing-table is a tortoiseshell-and-silver clock, 3½ inches high, for three guineas. Very smart is a palladium-and-diamond negligée necklace, at £12 10s. Onyx-and-diamond and black-enamel jewellery are specialties of the firm, and they have rare distinction. Locketts have come into vogue again; and one having a regimental badge raised upon it is in great favour. So, too, are regimental badge-brooches, of which Mappin and Webb have long made a great specialty, with conspicuous success, combining absolute accuracy with the very finest workmanship. These are at several prices.

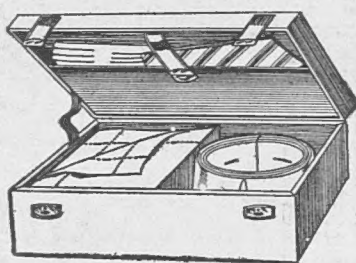
#### Bicycles in Great Demand.

When anyone goes gift-seeking—a very common quest at present—Gamage's great house in Holborn is a sure covert. It is a firm that has for years laid itself out to please all classes of men, women, and children, and has achieved most conspicuous success. The Grand Christmas Bazaar, which is, as usual, a feature of their Yuletide season, is, appropriately, a naval and aerial scenic display—very clever and effective. As there are many who cannot visit these fascinating premises, I may say that next best is a Christmas Toy

of exercise, self-dependence, and skill. Carriage-paid bicycles for boys and girls cost, fully guaranteed as the highest-priced machines in Gamage's catalogue, £5 17s. 6d. These are British-made throughout. For a householder, an oval-shaped entrée dish, silver-plated on nickel silver, at 28s. 6d., is a remarkable bit of value.

An officer on active service at home or abroad will feel the comfort of a tan-leather waistcoat, double-breasted, with sleeves, and warmly lined. It costs 50s., and the wearer will think it worth its weight in gold. A very handsome, but plain and good, flap-over leather bag, in good morocco, lined with watered silk and having a strong nickel frame, with a centre division fitted with a purse, mirror, and card-case, is a gift which will please any woman; the price is 32s. 6d. Another useful and handsome present is a combined collar, handkerchief, and tie case, in grained leather, lined with moiré, at 18s. 9d. These are but indications of thousands of useful presents at Gamage's.

"Things a Soldier Needs." This is the title of a booklet issued by that wonderful firm, Mark Cross, of 89, Regent Street. It is a

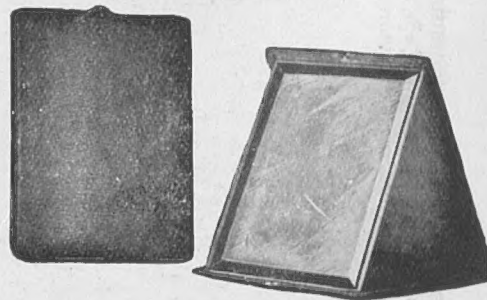


AN ACCEPTABLE COLLAR-CASE, AND A COMPACT FITTED BAG. Gamage.

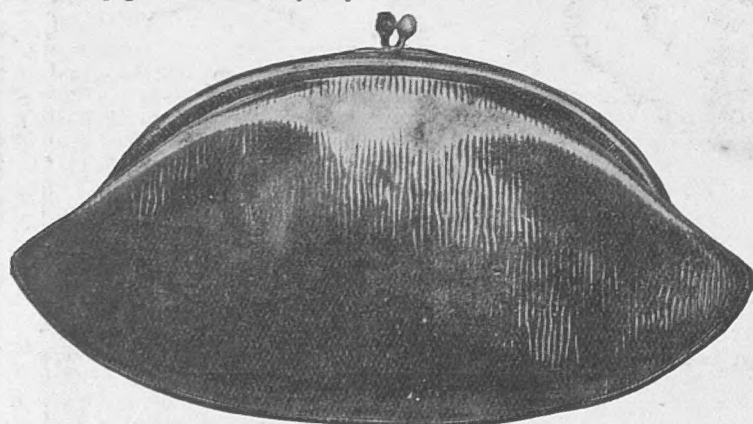
wonderful firm, because thoughtfulness and foresight characterise its productions, together with the first quality of material and the finest workmanship. At this season there is always special demand for "Cross" gifts; the above-named booklet will be a guide to purchasers who cannot visit the fascinating shop. It includes illustrations and particulars of what the soldiers' womenkind need, as well as of what appeals directly to soldiers themselves. A new war-bag for officers is of extraordinary flexibility, and can be rolled with the sleeping-valise into one bundle. It holds all belongings, and saves rummaging among, and confusion of, kit. When not in use, it folds flat; and the price is 70s. Initials are branded for 6d., and name and regiment for 3s. 6d. A much-appreciated gift to a campaigner is an active service mirror of plate-glass, thoroughly well protected. It is much more satisfactory for shaving and other purposes than metal mirrors, which soon become useless through rust and scratching. This one in finest pigskin, specially strong, and in protective pads, costs 10s. 6d. For ladies, a delightful novelty is a torpedo envelope hand-bag. It is made of a black glazed leather particularly suitable. It is ten inches long, and the interior is divided into two compartments, and is fitted with a purse, mirror, and case for Treasury notes. In this handsome black patent leather, lined with silk, its price is 35s. The swing handle can also be used as an ordinary top handle, giving a specially secure and comfortable grip. The firm is celebrated for hand-bags, of which they have a large variety. Officers' writing-cases, with lift-out blotting-pad, pockets for note-paper and envelopes, and other pockets for correspondence, are of the greatest convenience. These, in finest pigskin, cost a guinea. "Cross" writing-table sets for ladies are also delightful gifts, comprising everything to make any table into a fully equipped one for writing. There are "Cross" gloves, too, for man or woman, than which none are more reliable in cut, fit, and wearing qualities—in fact, it is a place of presents which are just the latest and the nicest things. A specialty is a bag for Red Cross nurses at 52s. 6d. or 55s., according to size. Loaded sticks from 6s. 6d. are acceptable gifts for men.



THE NEW WAR-BAG.



PRESENTS FOR OFFICERS ON ACTIVE SERVICE. Mark Cross.



THE NEW "TORPEDO" ENVELOPE-BAG. Mark Cross.

and Gift Catalogue, issued on a new principle—for 6d., which is refunded on the first purchase. The firm has always made a specialty, and a great success, of their bicycle trade; and as these machines are now greatly to the fore again, they are much in request for Christmas gifts. Children are made inexpressibly happy by these presents, which are also very good for them in the important matters






# Mappin & Webb

LTD

Branches—  
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Sterling Silver Dessert Stand.  
Louis XVI. Mounts.  
Diameter 8½ ins. Height 4½ ins.  
**£4 4 0**



Aquamarine Brooch.  
**£1 1 0**



Sterling Silver Inkstand.  
6 ins. long.  
**£3 3 0**



Fine Pearl and  
Diamonds.  
**£25 0 0**



Gold Bracelet. 9-carat. 22 0 0  
15-carat. 25 10 0



Sapphire, Pearl and  
Diamond Pendant.  
**£20 0 0**



Nut or Fruit Dish, 7½ ins. diameter,  
complete with Nutcracks.  
"Prince's Plate," **£1 7 6**  
If without Nutcracks,  
**£1 2 6**



Sapphire, Pearl and Diamond Brooch.  
**£6 0 0**




Nutmegs,  
"Prince's Plate,"  
4/.



Grape Scissors,  
"Prince's Plate" ... 8/6  
Sterling Silver **£1 15 0**



Silver Mounted Cut  
Glass Spirit Decanter,  
11 ins. high.  
**£1 5 0**



Sterling Silver Flower Stand.  
7 ins. high.  
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Entree Dish. Length 11 ins.  
"Prince's Plate" ... **£2 10 0**  
Sterling Silver ... **£18 18 0**



Sugar Dredger.  
"Prince's Plate,"  
6½ ins. **11/6**  
8 .. **15/0**  
Sterling Silver.  
6½ ins. **£1 17 6**  
8 .. **£2 15 0**



"Prince's Plate"  
Hot Water Jug.  
1 pint ... **£1 10 0**  
1½ .. **£1 14 0**  
Sterling Silver.  
1 pint ... **£5 5 0**  
1½ .. **£6 15 0**



Sterling Silver Tea and Coffee Service.  
Coffee Pot, 1 pint ... **£6 10 0**  
Hot Water Jug, 1 pint ... **6 0 0**  
Tea Pot, 1½ pints ... **8 15 0**  
Sugar Basin ... **3 10 0**  
Cream Jug ... **2 5 0**



"Prince's Plate" Stand, with 7½ in.  
China plates,  
**£1 5 0**



"Prince's Plate" and Aluminium Heating Stand.  
11 x 7 ins. **£2 5 0**



"Prince's Plate" 2-pint Kettle  
and Stand, with patent lamp.  
**£3 7 6**

Illustrated Catalogue Post Free.

London Showrooms:  
172, REGENT STREET, W. 158-162, OXFORD STREET, W. 2, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.  
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MAPPIN & WEBB LTD



## WOMAN'S WAYS.

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

## The Legend of Lord Kitchener.

The steady growth of the legend of Lord Kitchener is quite in keeping with his tragic end. We know now why Barbarossa, for hundreds of years, was believed to be merely sleeping in a mountain cave, and would presently emerge and conquer the world. All the romantic stories about "K. of K." are believed by the mass of women, and are invariably laughed at by the mass of men. The great soldier, though never a fanatical admirer of the Fair, has become the idol of his countrywomen—indeed, he was already in this proud position before the ill-omened *Hampshire* sailed for Russia. They speak of him with shining eyes and bated breath, and thousands are waiting for the end of the war to see their dearest dreams come true. It is the most singular instance of personality triumphing over Death, and of optimism clinging feverishly to hopes of the slenderest substance. When the fatal news first became known in London, at the great Caledonian Market Fair, it was the coster-girls of Islington and Hoxton who loudly declared they "didn't believe he was dead." Since then, Countesses, clerks, and coster-girls are at one in "keeping the home fires burning" for the man who conjured the First Hundred Thousand out of the earth. It is one of the most remarkable national tributes—surpassing those of bronze and marble—which have ever been offered to a great Englishman.

## Princesses and Pincushions.

The chief occupation of a lady of rank in modern times is to attend bazaars and purchase objects



A TYPE OF PALACE CHARM: MISS DOREENE DEARING, IN "VANITY FAIR."

Miss Doreene Dearing is one of the sixty charming girls in "Vanity Fair," the new revue at the Palace Theatre.—[Photograph by Félix.]

made by amateurs. We all possess some of this pleasing but insecure work done by our friends and acquaintances. We know those roguish little boxes, gay with miniature roses, which will not keep shut; those books bound by enterprising ladies whose knowledge of "size" is elementary; those Cubist cushions whose "frightfulness" drives even our long-suffering menkind to protest. But no one of us is obliged to buy, in the course of the year, hundreds and hundreds of these ephemeral things. I wonder what the Queens do with all these extraordinary objects when they get them home? There must be subterranean chambers in every Palace, heaped high with the spoil of bazaars and fancy-fairs. No lady, even a royal one, could make use of those thousands of pincushions, blotting-pads, "cosies," and sponge-bags. Piles of these things must gradually accumulate until the thought of them must be a nightmare. Our amateurs show a strange lack of inventiveness in the things they make for charity sales.

## Tommy Shows Originality.

Our wounded soldiers are showing more originality in this work, and the other day, in Grosvenor Square, there were exhibited Bairnsfather drawings made into toys, and the most saucy and modern-looking damsels in crinolines embroidered on to bags and hand-screens. If all our poor wounded could be given silks, paint-boxes, and needles and thread, we might easily evolve a new school of design and decoration. I fancy, later on, the sexes will change places, and that women and girls will be largely employed in delicate mechanical work in factories and work-shops, while men will be given free play to their fancy in designing frocks and furniture, jewellery, and all the gewgaws with which we modern folk surround ourselves.

# HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

MADE IN ENGLAND

## The Food Drink

that gives and maintains the health, strength and efficiency of the worker

The woman in the war workshop, putting forth her whole energy in the service of her country, needs to conserve and increase her strength and vitality. The pure, wholesome nourishment supplied by Horlick's Malted Milk is so easily digested that it feeds the whole system, builds up sound muscular tissue, and gives the fitness and stamina that prevents undue fatigue.

Take a glass night and morning, and keep a bottle in your locker at the works for use during the day, and you will quickly note the difference in your physical condition.

READY IN A MOMENT BY STIRRING BRISKLY IN HOT OR COLD WATER ONLY. NO COOKING REQUIRED.

Also available in Tablet form to be dissolved in the mouth as required.

Of all Chemists and Stores in Sterilised Glass Bottles at 1/6, 2/6 and 11/-; the Tablets also in convenient pocket flasks, 6d. and 1/-.

Accept No Substitute. There is nothing "just as good."

Liberal sample bottle sent post free for 4d. in stamps.

Sole Manufacturers:

**HORLICK'S MALTED MILK CO.**

SLOUGH,  
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# ALFRED WEBB MILES & CO.

12, 10, 8 & 6, BROOK ST.,  
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## BRITISH WARMS

Khaki Serge, lined Fleece

£3.15.0

Extra-heavy Khaki Fleece, unlined

£3.15.0

Khaki Lambswool (extra quality), lined Fleece - - - £4.4.0

A choice selection of fur-lined Warms at moderate prices.

## TRENCH COATS

*Spécialité*

Double-Breasted Trench Coats, interlined oil-silk throughout, and detachable Fleece linings

£4.15.0 and £6.15.0

Drencher Coats, interlined to waist and through sleeves with oil-silk

£3.3.0 and £3.15.0

A large assortment of the above in all sizes ready for immediate wear. Estimates sent on application for full Service Kit and Equipment.

**CADETS' OUTFITS complete - - £6.15.0**

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